7.

ENDIMION,

The Man in the *Moone*.

Anni Dyson

Playd before the Queenes Maiestie at Greenewich on Candlemas day at night, by the Chyldren of Paules.

AT LONDON,
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The Printer to the *Reader.*

SInce the Plaies in Paules were diſsolued, there are certaine Commedies come to my handes by chaunce, vvhich were preſented before her Maieſtie at ſeuerall times by the children of Paules. This is the firſt, and if in any place it shall dyſpleaſe, I will take more paines to perfect the next. I referre it to thy indifferent iudgement to peruſe, whom I woulde willinglie pleaſe. And if this may paſſe with thy good lyking, I will then goe forwarde to publish the reſt. In the meane time, let this haue thy good worde for my better encouragement.

Farewell

The Prologue.

MOst high and happy Princesse, we must tell you a tale of the Man in the Moone, which if it seeme ridiculous for the method, or superfluous for the matter, or for the meanes incredible, for three faultes wee can make but one excuse. It is a tale of the Man in the Moone.

It was forbidden in olde time to dispute of Chymera, *because it was a fiction, we hope in our times none will apply pastimes, because they are fancies; for there liueth none vnder the Sunne, that knowes what to make of the Man in the Moone. VVee present neither Comedie, nor Tragedie, nor storie, nor anie thing, but whosoeuer heareth may say this, VVhy heere is a tale of the Man in the Moone.*

Actus

Actus primus. Scæna prima.

Endimion. Eumenides.

End. I Finde *Eumenides* in all thinges both varietie to content, & ſatietie to glut, ſauing onelie in my affections, which are ſo ſtayed, and withall ſo ſtatelie, that I can neither ſatiſ-fie my hart with loue, nor mine eyes with wonder. My thoughts *Eumenides* are ſtitched to the ſtarres, which beeing as high as I can ſee;thou maiſt imagin how much higher they are then I can reach.

Eume. If you be enamored of any thing aboue the Moone, your thoughts are ridiculous, for that thinges immortall are not ſubiect to affections, if allured or enchaunted with theſe tranſitory things vnder the Moone, you ſhew your ſelfe ſenceleſſe, to attribute ſuch lofty tytles, to ſuch loue trifles.

End. My loue is placed neither vnder the Moone nor aboue.

Eum. I hope you be not ſotted vpon the man in the Moone.

End. No but ſetled, eyther to die, or poſſeſſe the Moone herſelfe.

Eum. Is *Endimion* mad, or doe I miſtake? doe you loue the Moone *Endimion?*

End. *Eumenides* the Moone.

Eum. There was neuer any ſo peeuiſh to imagin the Moone eyther capable of affection, or ſhape of a Miſtris: for as impoſſible it is to make loue fit to her humor which no man knoweth, as a coate to her forme, which continueth not in one bigneſſe whilſt ſhe is meaſuring. Ceaſe of *Endimion* to feede ſo much vpon fancies. That melancholy blood muſt be purged, which draweth you

to a dotage no leſſe miſerable then monſtrous.

End. My thoughts haue no vaines, and yet vnleſſe they be let blood, I ſhall perriſh.

Eum. But they haue vanities, which beeing reformed, you may be reſtored.

End. O fayre *Cynthia*, why doe others terme thee vnconſtant, whom I haue euer founde vnmoueable? Iniurious tyme, corrupt manners, vnkind men, who finding a conſtancy not to be matched, in my ſweete Miſtris, haue chriſtned her with the name of wauering, waxing, and waning. Is ſhee inconſtant that keepeth a ſetled courſe, which ſince her firſt creation altereth not one minute in her mouing? There is nothing thought more admirable, or commendable in the ſea, then the ebbing and flowing, and ſhall the Moone, from whom the Sea taketh this vertue, be accounted fickle for encreaſing, & decreaſing? Flowers in theyr buds, are nothing worth till they be blowne, nor bloſſomes accounted till they be ripe fruite, and ſhal we then ſay they be changeable, for that they growe from ſeedes to leaues, from leaues to buds, from buds to theyr perfection? then, why be not twigs that become trees, children that become men, and Mornings that grow to Euenings, termed wauering, for that they continue not at one ſtay? I but *Cynthia*, being in her fulnes, decayeth, as not delighting in her greateſt beautie, or withering when ſhe ſhould be moſt honoured. When mallice cannot obiect any thing, folly will, making that a vice, which is the greateſt vertue. What thing (my Miſtris excepted) being in the pride of her beauty, & latter minute of her age, that waxeth young againe? Tell mee *Eumenides*, what is hee that hauing a Miſtris of ripe yeeres, & infinite vertues, great honors, and vnſpeakeable beauty, but woulde wiſh that ſhee might grow tender againe? getting youth by yeeres, and neuer decaying beauty, by time, whoſe fayre face, neyther

ther the Summers blaſe can ſcorch, nor VVinters blaſt chappe, nor the numbring of yeeres breede altering of colours. Such is my ſweete *Cynthia*, whom tyme cannot touch, becauſe ſhe is diuine, nor will offend becauſe ſhe is delicate. O *Cynthia*, if thou ſhouldeſt alwaies continue at thy fulnes, both Gods and men woulde conſpire to rauiſh thee. But thou to abate the pride of our affections, doſt detract from thy perfections, thinking it ſufficient, if once in a month we enioy a glymſe of thy maieſtie, and then, to encreaſe our greefes, thou dooſt decreaſe thy glemes, comming out of thy royall robes, wherewith thou dazeliſt our eyes, downe into thy ſwath clowtes, beguiling our eyes. And then

Eum. Stay there *Endimion*, thou that committeſt Idolatry, wilt ſtraight blaſpheme, if thou be ſuffered. Sleepe woulde doe thee more good then ſpeech: the Moone heareth thee not, or if ſhee doe, regardeth thee not.

End. Vaine *Eumenides*, whoſe thoughts neuer grow higher thē the crowne of thy head. Why troubleſt thou me, hauing neither heade to conceiue the cauſe of my loue, or a hart to receiue the impreſſions? followe thou thine owne fortunes, which creepe on the earth, & ſuffer me to flye to mine, whoſe fall though it be deſperate, yet ſhall it come by daring. Farewell

Eum. Without doubt *Endimion* is bewitched, otherwiſe in a man of ſuch rare vertues, there could not harbor a minde of ſuch extreame madnes. I wil follow him, leaſt in this fancie of the Moone, he depriue himſelfe of the ſight of the Sunne. *Exit.*

Actus primus. Scæna ſecunda.

Tellus. Floſcula.

Tellus. Trecherous and moſt periurde *Endimion*, is *Cynthia* the ſweetnes of thy life, and the bitternes of my

death? What reuenge may be deuiſed ſo full of ſhame, as my thoughts are repleniſhed with mallice? Tell me *Floſcula* if falſenes in loue can poſſibly be puniſhed with extremitie of hate. As long as ſworde, fire, or poiſon may be hyred, no traytor to my loue ſhall liue vnreuenged. Were thy oathes without number, thy kiſſes without meaſure, thy ſighes without end, forged to deceiue a poore credulous virgin, whoſe ſimplicity had beene worth thy fauour and better fortune? If the Gods ſitte vnequall beholders of iniuries, or laughers at Louers deceipts, then let miſchiefe be as well forgiuen in women, as periurie winked at in men.

Floſc. Madame, if you woulde compare the ſtate of *Cynthia* with your owne, and the height of *Endimion* his thoughts, with the meaneneſſe of your fortune, you would rather yeeld then contende, being betweene you and her no compariſon, and rather wonder then rage at the greatnes of his minde, beeing affected with a thing more then mortall.

Tellus No compariſon *Floſcula*? and why ſo? is not my beauty diuine, whoſe body is decked with faire flowers, and vaines are Vines, yeelding ſweet liquor to the dulleſt ſprits, whoſe eares are Corne, to bring ſtrength, and whoſe heares are graſſe, to bring abundance? Doth not Frankinſence, & Myrrhe breath out of my noſtrils, and all the ſacrifice of the Gods, breede in my bowels? Infinite are my creatures, without which, neyther thou nor *Endimion*, nor any could loue, or liue.

Floſc. But knowe you not fayre Ladie, that *Cynthia* gouerneth all things? Your grapes woulde be but drie huskes, your Corne but chaffe, and all your vertues vaine, were it not *Cynthia* that preſerueth the one in the bud, and nouriſheth the other in the blade, and by her influence both comforteth all things, and by her authoritie commaundeth all creatures; Suffer then *Endimion*

to followe his affections, though to obtaine her be impoſsible, and let him flatter himſelfe in his owne imaginations, becauſe they are immortall.

Tellus Loth I am *Endimion* thou ſhouldeſt die, becauſe I loue thee well, and that thou ſhouldeſt liue it greeueth mee, becauſe thou loueſt *Cynthia* too well. In theſe extremities what ſhall I doe? *Floſcula* no more words, I am reſolued. He ſhall neyther liue, nor die.

Floſc. A ſtrange practiſe, if it be poſſible.

Tellus Yes, I will entangle him in ſuch a ſweet nette, that he ſhall neither find the meanes to come out, nor deſire it. All allurements of pleaſure will I caſt before his eyes, inſomuch that he ſhall ſlake that loue which he now voweth to *Cynthia*, and burne in mine, of which he ſeemeth careleſſe. In thys languiſhing, betweene my amorous deuiſes, and his owne looſe deſires, there ſhall ſuch diſſolute thoughts take roote in his head, and ouer his hart grow ſo thicke a skinne, that neither hope of preferment, nor feare of puniſhment, nor counſel of the wiſeſt, nor company of the worthieſt, ſhall alter his humor, nor make him once to thinke of his honor.

Floſc. A reuenge incredible, and if it may be, vnnaturall.

Tellus. Hee ſhall knowe the mallice of a woman, to haue neither meane, nor ende, and of a woman deluded in loue, to haue neither rule, nor reaſon. I can doe it, I muſt, I will. All his vertues will I ſhadow with vices, his perſon (ah ſweet perſon) ſhall he decke with ſuch rich Roabes, as he ſhall forget it is his owne perſon, his ſharp wit (ah wit too ſharpe, that hath cut off all my ioyes) ſhall hee vſe, in flattering of my face, and deuiſing Sonnets in my fauour. The prime of his youth and pride of his time, ſhall be ſpent in melancholy paſſions, careleſſe behauiour, vntamed thoughts, and vnbridled affections.

Flosc. When thys is done what then, ſhall it continue tyll hys death, or ſhall he doate for euer in this delight?

Tellus. Ah *Floſcula*, thou rendeſt my hart in ſunder, in putting me in remembrance of the end.

Flosc. Why if this be not the end, all the reſt is to no ende.

Tellus Yet ſuffer mee to imitate Iuno, who woulde turne Iupiters louers to beaſtes on the earth, though ſhe knew afterwards they ſhould be ſtarres in heauen.

Flosc. Affection that is bred by enchauntment, is like a flower that is wrought in ſilke, in colour and forme moſt like, but nothing at all in ſubſtance or ſauour.

Tellus It ſhall ſuffice me if the world talke that I am fauoured of *Endimion*.

Flosc. Well, vſe your owne wyll, but you ſhal finde that loue gotten with witch-craft, is as vnpleaſant, as fiſh, taken with medicines vnwholſome.

Tellus *Floſcula*, they that be ſo poore that they haue neyther nette nor hooke, will rather poyſon dowe then pyne with hunger: and ſhe that is ſo oppreſt with loue, that ſhee is neyther able with beauty, nor wit to obtaine her freende, wyll rather vſe vnlawfull meanes, then try vntollerable paines. I will doe it. *Exit.*

Flosc. Then about it. Poore *Endimion*, what traps are layde for thee, becauſe thou honoureſt one that all the world wondreth at. And what plots are caſt to make thee vnfortunate, that ſtudieſt of all men to be the faithfulleſt. *Exit.*

Actus primus. Scæna tertia.

Dares, Samias, Sir Tophas, Epiton.

Dares Now our Maiſters are in loue vp to the eares, vvhat haue wee to doe, but to be in knauery, vp to the crownes.

Samias

Samias O that we had Sir *Tophas* that braue Squire, in the midſt of our myrth, *& ecce autem*, wyl you ſee the deuill?

Enter Sir Tophas.

Tophas Epi.

Epi. Heere ſyr.

Tophas I brooke not thys idle humor of loue, it tickleth not my lyuer, from whence the Loue-mongers in former age ſeemed to inferre they ſhould proceede.

Epi. Loue ſir may lye in your lunges, and I thinke it doth, and that is the cauſe you blow, and are ſo purſie.

Top. Tuſh boy, I thinke it but ſome deuiſe of the Poet to get money.

Epi. A Poet? whats that?

Tophas Dooſt thou not know what a Poet is?

Epi. No.

Top. Why foole, a Poet is as much as one ſhoulde ſay, a Poet. But ſoft, yonder be two Wrennes, ſhall I ſhoote at them?

Epi. They are two lads.

Tophas Larkes or wrennes, I will kill them.

Epi. Larkes? are you blinde? they are two lyttle Boyes.

Top. Byrdes, or boyes, they are both but a pittance for my breakefaſt, therefore haue at them, for theyr braines muſt as it were imbroder my bolts.

Sam. Stay your courage valiant Knight, for your wiſdome is ſo wearie that it ſtayeth it ſelfe.

Dares Why Syr *Tophas* haue you forgotten your olde freendes?

Top. Freendes? *Nego argumentum.*

Sam. And why not freends?

Top. Becauſe *Amicitia* (as in old Annuals we find) is *inter pares*, now my pretty companions, you ſhall ſee how vnequall you be to mee, but I will not cut you quite off,

off, you ſhall be my halfe friendes, for reaching to my middle, ſo farre as from the ground to the waſt I wil be your freend.

Dares Learnedly. But what ſhall beeome of the reſt of your bodie, from the waſt to the crowne?

Top. My children *quod ſupra vos nihil ad vos*, you muſt thinke the reſt immortall, becauſe you cannot reach it.

Epi. Nay I tell ye my Maiſter is more then a man.

Dar. And thou leſſe then a mouſe.

Top. But what be you two?

Sam. I am *Samias*, page to *Endimion*.

Dar. And I *Dares*, page to *Eumenides*.

Tophas Of what occupation are your Maſters.

Dares Occupation, you clowne, why they are honourable, and warriers.

Top. Then are they my prentiſes.

Dares Thine, and why ſo?

Tophas I was the firſt that euer deuiſed warre, and therefore by *Mars* himſelfe giuen me for my Armes a whole Armorie, and thus I goe as you ſee, clothed with Artillary, it is not Silkes (milkſops) nor Tyſſues, nor the fine wooll of *Ceres*, but yron, ſteele, ſwords, flame, ſhot, terror, clamor, blood, and ruine, that rocks a ſleepe my thoughts, which neuer had any other cradle, but cruelty. Let me ſee, doe you not bleede?

Dares Why ſo?

Tophas Commonly my words wound.

Samias What then doe your blowes?

Tophas Not onely confound, but alſo confound.

Samias Howe darſt thou come ſo neere thy Maiſter *Epi?* Syr Tophas ſpare vs.

Tophas You ſhall liue. You *Samias* becauſe you are little. You *Dares*, becauſe you are no bigger, and both of you, becauſe you are but two; for commonly I kil by the doſen, and haue for euerie particular aduerſarie, a

peculier

peculiar weapon.

Samias May we know the vſe for our better skyll in warre?

Tophas You ſhall. Heere is a burbolt for the vglie beaſt the Black-bird.

Dares A cruell ſight.

Tophas Heere is the Muskit, for the vntamed, (or as the vulgar ſort terme it) the wilde Mallard.

Samias O deſperate attempt.

Epi. Nay my Maiſter will match them.

Dares I if he catch them.

Tophas Heere is a ſpeare and ſhielde, and both neceſſarie, the one to conquer, the other to ſubdue, or ouercome the terrible Trowte, which although he be vnder the water, yet tying a ſtring to the top of my ſpeare, and an engine of yron to the ende of my lyne, I ouerthrowe him, and then heerein I put him.

Samias O wonderfull warre. *Dares*, didſt thou euer heare ſuch a dolt?

Dares All the better, we ſhall haue good ſport hereafter, if we can get leyſure.

Samias Leyſure, I will rather looſe my Maiſters ſeruice then his companie, looke howe hee ſtroutes; But what is this, call you it your ſword?

Tophas No, it is my Simiter, which I by conſtruction often ſtudying to be compendious, call my Smyter.

Dares What, are you alſo learned ſir?

Tophas Learned? I am all Mars and Ars.

Samias Nay you are all Maſſe and Aſſe.

Tophas Mock you mee? You ſhall both ſuffer, yet with ſuch weapons, as you ſhall make choiſe of the weapon wherewith you ſhall periſh. Am I all a maſſe or lumpe, is there no proportion in me? Am I all Aſſe? is there no wit in mee. *Epi*, prepare thē to the ſlaughter.

Samias I pray ſir heare vs ſpeake, we call you Maſſe,

which your learning doth well vnderſtande, is all Man, for *Mas maris* is a man. Then *As* (as you knowe) is a weight, and we for your vertues account you a weight.

Tophas The Latine hath ſaued your lyues, the which a world of ſiluer could not haue ranſomde. I vnderſtand you, and pardon you.

Dares Well Sir *Tophas* we bid you farewell, & at our next meeting, we will be readie to doe you ſeruice.

Tophas *Samias* I thanke you. *Dares* I thanke you, but eſpeciallie I thanke you both.

Samias Wiſelie. Come, next time weele haue ſome prettie Gentle-women with vs to walke, for without doubt with them he will be verie daintie.

Dares Come let vs ſee what our Maiſters doe, it is high time. *Exeunt.*

Tophas Now will I march into the fielde, where if I cannot encounter with my foule enemies, I will withdraw my ſelfe to the Riuer, & there fortifie for fiſh: for there reſteth no minute free from fight.

Exit.

Actus primus. Sæna quarta.

Tellus, Floſcula, Dipſas.

Tellus Behold *Floſcula*, we haue met with the Woman by chaunce that wee ſought for by trauell; I will breake my minde to her without ceremonie or circumſtance, leaſt we looſe that time in aduiſe, that ſhould be ſpent in execution.

Floſc. Vſe your diſcretion, I will in this caſe, neither giue counſell nor conſent, for there cannot bee a thing more monſtrous, then to force affection by ſorcery, neither doe I imagin anie thing more impoſſible.

Tellus Tuſh *Floſcula*, in obtaining of loue, what impoſsibilities will I not try? and for the winning of *Endimion*, what impieties will I not practiſe? *Dipſas*, whom

as

as many honour for age, as wonder at for cunning, liſten in fewe words to my tale, & anſwere in one word to the purpoſe, for that neither my burning deſire can afforde long ſpeech, nor the ſhort time I haue to ſtay manie delayes. Is it poſsible by hearbes, ſtones, ſpels, incantantation, enchauntment, exorciſmes, fire, mettals, plannets, or any practiſe to plant affection where it is not, and to ſupplant it where it is?

Dipſas Faire Ladie, you may imagin that theſe horie heares are not void of experience, nor the great name that goeth of my cunning to bee without cauſe. I can darken the Sunne by my skil, and remooue the Moone out of her courſe; I can reſtore youth to the aged, and make hils without bottoms; there is nothing that I can not doe, but that onely which you would haue me doe, and therin I differ from the Gods, that I am not able to rule harts, for were it in my power to place affection by appointment, I would make ſuch euill appetites, ſuch inordinate luſts, ſuch curſed deſires, as all the worlde ſhould be filled both with ſuperſticious heates, and extreame loue.

Tellus Vnhappie Tellus, whoſe deſires are ſo deſperate, that they are neither to be conceiued of any creature, nor to be cured by any arte.

Dipſas This I can, breede ſlacknes in loue, though neuer roote it out. What is he whom you loue, & what ſhe that he honoureth?

Tellus *Endimion*, ſweet *Endimion* is he that hath my hart, and *Cynthia*, too too faire *Cynthia*, the myracle of Nature, of tyme, of Fortune, is the Ladie that hee delights in, and dotes on euery day, and dies for ten thouſand times a day.

Dipſas Would you haue his loue, eyther by abſence or ſicknes aſlaked. Would you that *Cynthia* ſhould miſtruſt him, or be iealous of him without colour?

Tellus It is the onelie thing I craue, that ſeeing my loue to *Endimion* vnſpotted, cannot be accepted, hys trueth to *Cynthia* (though it be vnſpeakeable) may bee ſuſpected.

Dipſas I will vndertake it, and ouertake him, that all his loue ſhal be doubted of, and therefore become deſperate: but this will weare out with time, that treadeth all things downe but trueth.

Tellus Let vs goe.

Dipſas I follow.

Exeunt.

Actus ſecundus. Scæna prima.

Endimion, Tellus.

End. O Fayre *Cynthia*, ô vnfortunate *Endimion*. Why was not thy byrth as high as thy thoughts, or her beautie leſſe then heauenlie? or why are not thyne honors as rare as her beautie? or thy fortunes as great as thy deſerts? Sweet *Cynthia*, how wouldſt thou be pleaſed, how poſſeſſed? wil labours (patient of all extremities) obtaine thy loue? There is no Mountain ſo ſteepe that I will not climbe, no monſter ſo cruell that I will not tame, no action ſo deſperate that I will not attempt. Deſireſt thou the paſsions of loue, the ſad and melancholie moodes of perplexed mindes, the not to be expreſſed torments of racked thoughts? Beholde my ſad teares, my deepe ſighes, my hollowe eyes, my broken ſleepes, my heauie countenaunce. Wouldſt thou haue mee vowde onelie to thy beautie, and conſume euerie minute of time in thy ſeruice, remember my ſolitarie life, almoſt theſe ſeauen yeeres, whom haue I entertained but mine owne thoughts, and thy vertues? What companie haue I vſed but contemplation? Whom haue I wondred at but thee? Nay whom haue I not contemned,

ned, for thee? Haue I not crept to thoſe on whom I might haue troden, onelie becauſe thou didſt ſhine vpon them? Haue not iniuries beene ſweet to mee, if thou vouchſafeſt I ſhould beare them? Haue I not ſpent my golden yeeres in hopes, waxing old with wiſhing, yet wiſhing nothing but thy loue. With *Tellus*, faire *Tellus*, haue I diſſembled, vſing her but as a cloake for mine affections, that others ſeeing my mangled and diſordered minde, might thinke it were for one that loueth me, not for *Cynthia*, whoſe perfection alloweth no companion, nor compariſon.

In the midſt of theſe diſtempred thoughts of myne, thou art not onelie iealous of my truth, but careles, ſuſpicious, and ſecure: which ſtrange humor maketh my minde as deſperate as thy conceits are doubtfull. I am none of thoſe Wolues that barke moſt, when thou ſhyneſt brighteſt. But that fiſh, (thy fiſh *Cynthia* in the floode *Aranis*) which at thy waxing is as white as the driuen ſnowe, and at thy wayning, as blacke as deepeſt darknes. I am that *Endimion* (ſweet *Cynthia*) that haue carryed my thoughts in equall ballance with my actions, being alwaies as free from imagining ill, as enterpryſing; That *Endimion*, whoſe eyes neuer eſteemed anie thing faire, but thy face, whoſe tongue termed nothing rare but thy vertues, and whoſe hart imagined nothing miraculous, but thy gouernment. Yea that *Endimion*, who diuorſing himſelfe from the amiablenes of all Ladies, the brauerie of all Courts, the companie of al men, hath choſen in a ſolitarie Cell to liue, onely by feeding on thy fauour, accounting in the worlde (but thy ſelfe) nothing excellent, nothing immortall; thus maiſt thou ſee euerie vaine, ſinew, muſcle, and artery of my loue, in which there is no flatterie, nor deceipt; error, nor arte. But ſoft, here commeth *Tellus*, I muſt turne my other face to her like *Ianus*, leaſt ſhe be as ſuſpicious as *Iuno*.

Enter Tellus.

Tellus Yonder I eſpie *Endimion*, I will ſeeme to ſuſpect nothing but ſooth him, that ſeeing I cannot obtaine the depth of his loue, I may learne the height of his diſſembling; *Floſcula* and *Dripſas*, with-drawe your ſelues out of our ſight, yet be within the hearing of our ſaluting; How now *Endimion*, alwaies ſolitary? no companie but your owne thoughts? no freende but melancholie fancies?

Endimion You know (fayre *Tellus*) that the ſweet remembrance of your loue, is the onely companion of my life, and thy preſence, my paradiſe, ſo that I am not alone when no bodie is with mee, and in heauen it ſelfe when thou art with me.

Tellus Then you loue me *Endimion*.

End. Or els I liue not *Tellus*.

Tellus Is it not poſsible for you *Endimion*, to diſſemble?

End. Not *Tellus*, vnleſſe I could make me a woman.

Tellus Why, is diſſembling ioyned to theyr ſex inſeparable? as heate to fire, heauines to earth, moyſture to water, thinneſſe to ayre?

End. No, but founde in their ſex, as common, as ſpots vpon Doues, moles vpon faces, Caterpillers vpon ſweet apples, cobwebs vpon faire windowes.

Tellus Doe they all diſſemble?

Endimion All but one.

Tellus Who is that?

End. I dare not tell. For if I ſhoulde ſay you, then would you imagin my flattery to be extreame, if another, then woulde you thinke my loue to be but indifferent.

Tellus You will be ſure I ſhall take no vantage of your words. But in ſooth *Endimion*, without more ceremonies, is it not *Cynthia*?

Endimion You know *Tellus*, that of the Gods we are forbidden to diſpute , becauſe theyr dieties come not within the compaſſe of our reaſons, and of *Cynthia* we are allowed not to talke but to wonder, becauſe her vertues are not within the reach of our capacities.

Tellus Why, ſhe is but a woman.

End. No more was *Venus*.

Tellus Shee is but a virgin.

Endimion No more was *Veſta*.

Tellus She ſhall haue an ende.

Endim. So ſhall the world.

Tellus Is not her beautie ſubiect to time?

End. No more then time is to ſtanding ſtill.

Tellus Wilt thou make her immortall?

End. No, but incomparable.

Tellus Take heede *Endimion*, leſt like the Wraſtler in *Olimpia*, that ſtriuing to lifte an impoſsible weight, catcht an incurable ſtraine, thou by fixing thy thoughts aboue thy reach, fal into a diſeaſe without al recure? But I ſee thou art now in loue with *Cynthia*.

Endim. No *Tellus*, thou knoweſt that the ſtatelie Cedar, whoſe toppe reacheth vnto the clowdes, neuer boweth his head to the ſhrubs that growe in the valley, nor Iuie that climeth vp by the Elme, can euer get hold of the beames of the Sunne; *Cynthia* I honour in all humilitie, whom none ought, or dare aduenture to loue, whoſe affections are immortall, & vertues infinite. Suffer me therefore to gaze on the Moone, at whom, were it not for thy ſelfe, I would die with wondering.

Exeunt.

Actus ſecundus. Scæna ſecunda.

Dares, Samias, Scintilla, Fauilla.

Dares Come *Samias*, diddeſt thou euer heare ſuch a ſighing, the one for *Cynthia*, the other for *Semele*, & both for

for moone ſhine in the water?

Sam. Let them ſigh, and let vs ſing, how ſay you gentlewomen, are not our Maſters too farre in loue?

Scint. Their tongues happily are dipt to the roote in amorous words and ſweete diſcourſes, but I thinke their hearts are ſcarce tipt on the ſide, with conſtant deſires.

Dares How ſay you *Fauilla*, is not loue a lurcher, that taketh mens ſtomacks away that they cannot eate, their ſpleene that they cannot laugh, their harts that they cannot fight, theyr eyes that they cannot ſleepe, and leaueth nothing but lyuers to make nothing but Louers?

Faui. Away peeuiſh boy, a rodde were better vnder thy girdle, than loue in thy mouth: it will be a forward Cocke that croweth in the ſhell.

Dares Alas good olde gentlewoman, how it becommeth you to be graue,

Scint. *Fauilla* though ſhe be but a ſparke, yet is ſhee fyre.

Faui. And you *Scintilla* bee not much more then a ſparke, though you would be eſteemed a flame.

Sam. It were good ſport to ſee the fight betweene two ſparkes.

Dares Let them to it, and wee will warme vs by theyr wordes.

Scint. You are not angry *Fauilla?*

Faui. That is *Scintilla*, as you liſt to take it.

Sam. That, that.

Scnit. This it is to be matched with girles, who comming but yeſterday from making of babies, would before to morrowe be accounted Matrons.

Faui. I crye your Matronſhip mercy; becauſe your Pantables bee higher with corke, therefore your feete muſt needs be higher in the inſteppes: you will be mine elder, becauſe you ſtande vppon a ſtoole, and I on the flowre.

Samias

Sam. Good,good.

Dar. Let them alone, and ſee with what countenance they will become friendes.

Scint. Nay, you thinke to bee the wyſer, becauſe you meane to haue the laſt worde.

Sam. Step betweene them leaſt they ſcratch. In faith gentlewomen, ſeeing wee came out to bee merry, let not your iarring marre our ieſtes: be friendes, how ſay you?

Scint. I am not angry, but it ſpited mee to ſee howe ſhort ſhe was.

Fauil. I ment nothing, till ſhe would needs croſſe me.

Dares Then ſo let it reſt.

Scint. I am agreede.

Fauil. And I, yet I neuer tooke any thing ſo vnkindly in my life.

Scint. Tys I haue the cauſe, that neuer offered the occaſion.

Dares Excellent and right like a woman.

Sam. A ſtrange ſight to ſee water come out of fire.

Dares It is their propertie, to carrie in their eyes, fire, and water, teares and torches, and in their mouthes, honie and gall.

Scint. You will be a good one if you liue; but what is yonder formall fellowe?

Enter Sir Tophas.

Dares Sir *Tophas*, ſyr *Tophas*, of whom we tolde you: if you bee good wenches make as though you loue him, and wonder at him.

Fauil. Wee will doo our parts.

Dares But firſt let vs ſtand aſide, and let him vſe his garbe, for all conſiſteth in his gracing.

Tophas Epi.

Epi. At hand ſyr.

Tophas. How likeſt thou this Martiall life, where nothing but bloud beſprinkleth our boſomes? Let me ſee

be our enemies fatte?

Epi. Paſſing fat: and I would not chaunge this life to be a Lord, and your ſelfe paſſeth all compariſon, for other Captaines kill and beate, and there is nothing you kill, but you alſo eate.

Tophas I will drawe out their guttes out of their bellies, and teare the fleſh with my teeth, ſo mortall is my hate, and ſo eger my vnſtaunched ſtomacke.

Epi. My maſter thinkes himſelfe the valianteſt man in the world if hee kill a wren: ſo warlike a thing he accompteth to take away life, though it be from a Larke.

Tophas Epi, I finde my thoughtes to ſwell, and my ſpirite to take winges, in ſo much that I cannot continue within the compas of ſo ſlender combates.

Fauil. This paſſeth.

Scint. Why is he not madde?

Sam. No, but a little vaine glorious.

Tophas. Epi.

Epi. Syr.

Tophas I will encounter that blacke and cruell enemie, that beareth rough and vntewed lockes vpon his bodie, whoſe Syre throweth downe the ſtrongeſt walles, whoſe legs are as many as both ours, on whoſe head are placed moſt horrible hornes, by nature, as a defence from all harmes.

Epi. What meane you Maſter to be ſo deſperate?

Tophas Honour inciteth mee, and very hunger compelleth mee.

Epi. What is that monſter?

Tophas The Monſter *Ouis*. I haue ſaide, let thy wits worke.

Epi. I cannot imagin it; yet let me ſee, a black enemie with rough lockes it may be a ſheep, and *Ouis* is a ſheep: his Syre ſo ſtrong, a Ram is a ſheepes Sire: that beeing alſo an engine of war, hornes he hath, and foure legs, ſo

hath

hath a ſheepe : without doubt this monſter is a blacke ſheepe; Is it not a ſheepe that you meane ?

Tophas Thou haſt hit it, that Monſter will I kill and ſup with.

Sam. Come let vs take him off. Syr *Tophas* all haile.

Tophas Welcome children, I ſeldome caſt mine eyes ſo low as to the crownes of your heads,and therfore pardon me that I ſpake not all this while.

Dares No harme done, here be faire Ladies come to wonder at your perſon, your valour, your witte, the report whereof, hath made them careles of their owne honours,to glut their eyes and harts vpon yours.

Tophas Report cannot but iniure mee, for that not knowing fully what I am, I feare ſhee hath beene a niggard in her praiſes.

Scint. No gentle knight,Report hath beene prodigal, for ſhee hath left you no equall, nor her ſelfe credite, ſo much hath ſhe tolde,yet no more than we now ſee.

Dares A good wench.

Fauil. If there remaine as much pittie toward women,as there is in you courage againſt your enemies,thē ſhall we be happie,who hearing of your perſon,came to ſee it,and ſeeing it,are now in loue with it.

Tophas Loue me Ladies? I eaſily beleeue it, but my tough heart receiueth no impreſſion with ſweet words. *Mars* may pearce it, *Venus* ſhall not paint on it.

Fauil. A cruell ſaying.

Sam. Ther's a girle.

Dares Will you caſt theſe Ladyes away, and all for a little loue? doo but ſpeake kindly.

Tophas There cōmeth no ſoft ſyllable within my lips, cuſtome hath made my wordes bloudy,and my hart barbarous: that pelting word loue,how watriſh it is in my mouth,it carrieth no ſound,hate,horror,death,are ſpeaches that nouriſh my ſpirits. I like hony but I care not

for the bees, I delight in muſicke but I loue not to play on the bagpipes, I can vouchſafe to heare the voice of women, but to touch their bodies I diſdaine it, as a thing childiſh, and fit for ſuch men as can diſgeſt nothing but milke.

Scint. A hard heart, ſhall wee dye for your loue, and finde no remedy. *Tophas.* I haue already taken a ſurfet.

Epi. Good maſter pittie them.

Tophas Pittie them *Epi*? no I do not thinke that this breaſt ſhalbe peſtred with ſuch a fooliſh paſſion. What is that the gentlewoman carrieth in a chaine?

Epi. Why it is a Squirrill.

Tophas A Squirril? O Gods what things are made for money. *Dares.* Is not this gentleman ouerwiſe?

Fauil. I could ſtay all day with him, if I feared not to be ſhent.. *Scint.* Is it not poſſible to meete againe.

Dares Yes at any time.

Fauil. Then let vs haſten home.

Scint. Sir Tophas, the God of warre deale better with you, than you doo with the God of loue.

Fauil. Our loue we may diſſemble, diſgeſt we cannot, but I doubt not but time will hamper you, and helpe vs.

Tophas I defie time, who hath no intereſt in my heart: come *Epi.* let me to the battaile with that hideous beaſt, loue is pappe and hath no reliſh in my taſte, becauſe it is not terrible.

Dares Indeede a blacke ſheepe is a perrilous beaſt, but let vs in till another time.

Fauil. I ſhall long for that time. *Exeunt.*

Actus ſecundus. Scæna tertia.

Endimion, Dipſas, Bagoa.

End. No reſt *Endimion*? ſtill vncertaine how to ſettle thy ſteps by day, or thy thoughts by night? thy trueth is meaſured by thy fortune, and thou art iudged vnfaithfull becauſe thou art vnhappy. I will ſee if I can beguile my

my ſelfe with ſleep,& if no ſlumber will take hold in my eyes,yet will I imbrace the golden thoughts in my head, and wiſh to melt by muſing : that as *Ebone*, which no fire can ſcorch,is yet cõſumed with ſweet ſauours,ſo my heart which cannot bee bent by the hardnes of fortune, may be bruſed by amorous deſires, On yonder banke neuer grewe any thing but Lunary, and hereafter I will neuer haue any bed but that banke. O *Endimion, Tellus* was faire,but what auaileth Beautie without wiſedome? Nay *Endimion* ſhe was wiſe, but what auaileth wiſdome without honour? Shee was honourable *Endimion*, belie her not, I but howe obſcure is honor without fortune? Was ſhe not fortunate whome ſo many followed? Yes, yes, but baſe is fortune without Maieſtie: thy Maieſtie *Cynthia* al the world knoweth and wondereth at,but not one in the world that can immitate it or comprehend it. No more *Endimion*, ſleepe or dye; Nay die for to ſleepe it is impoſſible, and yet I knowe not how it commeth to paſſe,I feele ſuch a heauines both in mine eyes and hart, ỳ I am ſodainly benummed, yea in euery ioint: it may be wearineſſe,for when did I reſt? it may bee deepe melancholy,for when did I not figh?*Cynthia*,I ſo,I ſay *Cynthia*.

He falles a ſleepe.

Dipſas Little dooſt thou knowe *Endimion* when thou ſhalt wake, for hadſt thou placed thy heart as lowe in loue,as thy head lieth now in ſleepe,thou mighteſt haue commanded *Tellus*, whome nowe in ſtead of a Miſtris, thou ſhalt finde a tombe. Theſe eyes muſt I ſeale vp by Art,not Nature, which are to be opened neither by Art nor Nature. Thou that laiſt downe with golden lockes, ſhalt not awake vntill they bee turned to ſiluer haires: and that chin, on which ſcarcely appeareth ſoft downe, ſhalbe filled with briſsles as hard as broome : thou ſhalt ſleep out thy youth and flowring time, and become dry hay before thou kneweſt thy ſelfe greene graſſe,& ready

by age to ſtep into the graue whē thou wakeſt, that was youthfull in the Courte when thou laidſt thee downe to ſleepe. The malice of *Tellus* hath brought this to paſſe, which if ſhee could not haue intreated of mee by fayre meanes, ſhe would haue commaunded by menacing, for from her gather wee all our ſimples to maintaine our ſorceries. Fanne with this hemlocke ouer his face, and ſing the inchantment for ſleepe, whilſt I goe in and finiſh thoſe ceriimonies that are required in our Art: take heede yee touch not his face, for the Fanne is ſo ſeaſoned that who ſo it toucheth with a leafe ſhall preſently dye, and ouer whom the vvind of it breatheth, he shall ſleepe for euer. *Exit.*

Bagoa Let me alone, I will bee carefull. What happe hadſt thou *Endimion* to come vnder the hands of *Dipſas*. O faire *Endimion*, how it grieueth me that that faire face muſt be turned to a withered skinne, & taſte the paines of death before it feele the reward of loue. I feare *Tellus* will repent that which the heauens themſelues ſeemed to rewe, but I heare *Dipſas* comming, I dare not repine, leaſt ſhe make me pine, and rocke me into ſuch a deepe ſleepe, that I ſhall not awakd to my marriage.

Enter Dipſas.

Dipſas How now, haue you finiſhed?

Bagoa Yea.

Dipſas Well then let vs in, and ſee that you doo not ſo much as whiſper that I did this, for if you do, I will turne thy haires to Adders, and all thy teeth in thy heade to tongues, come away, come away.

Exeunt.

Actus

Actus tertius. Scæna prima.

Cynthia, three Lordes, Tellus.

Cynth. IS the report true, that *Endimion* is ſtriken into ſuch a dead ſleep, that nothing can either wake him or mooue him?

Eum. Too true Màdame, and as much to be pittied as wondered at.

Tellus As good ſleepe and doe no harme, as wake and doe no good.

Cynth. What maketh you *Tellus* to bee ſo ſhort? the time was *Endimion* onely was.

Eum. It is an olde ſaying Madame, that a waking dog doth a farre off barke at a ſleeping Lyon.

Sem. It were good *Eumenides* that you tooke a nappe with your friend for your ſpeech beginneth to be heauy

Eum. Contrarie to your nature *Semele*, which hath beene alwaies accounted light.

Cynth. What haue we heare before my face, theſe vnſeemely and malepart ouerthwarts ? I will tame your tongues, and your thoughts, and make your ſpeeches anſwerable to your dueties, and your conceits fitte for my dignitie, els will I baniſh you both my perſon and the worlde.

Eum. Pardon I humbly aske; but ſuch is my vnſpotted faith to *Endimion*, that whatſoeuer ſeemeth a needle to pricke his finger, is a dagger to wound my heart.

Cynth. If you bee ſo deere to him, howe happeneth it you neither go to ſee him, nor ſearch for remedy for him?

Eum. I haue ſeene him to my griefe, and ſought recure with deſpaire, for that I cannot imagine who ſhould reſtore, him that is the wounder to all men: your highnes, on whoſe handes the compaſſe of the earth is at cõmaund, (though not in poſſeſſion) may ſhewe your ſelfe

both

both worthy your ſex, your nature, and your fauour, if you redeeme that honorable *Endimion*, whoſe ripe yeres foretell rare vertues, and whoſe vnmellowed conceits promiſe rype counſell.

Cyn. I haue had tryal of *Endimion*, & conceiue greater aſſurance of his age, then I coulde hope of hys youth.

Tel. But timely Madam crookes that tree that wil be a camock, and young it pricks that will be a thorne, and therefore he that began without care to ſettle his life, it is a ſigne without amendment he will end it.

Cynth. Preſumptuous gyrle, I will make thy tongue an example of vnrecouerable diſpleaſure, *Corſites* carry her to the Caſtle in the Deſerte, there to remaine and weaue.

Corſ. Shall ſhe worke ſtories or poetries?

Cynthia It skylleth not which, goe to, in both, for ſhe ſhall find examples infinite in eyther, what puniſhment long tongues haue. *Eumenides*, if eyther the Sooth-ſayers in Egipt, or the Enchaunters in Theſſaly, or the Philoſophers in Greece, or all the Sages of the worlde, can find remedie, I will procure it; therefore diſpatch with al ſpeede: you *Eumenides* into Theſſalie. You *Zontes* into Greece, (becauſe you are acquainted in Athens.) You *Panthon* to Egypt, ſaying that *Cynthia* ſendeth, and if you will, commaundeth.

Eum. On bowed knee I giue thanks, and with wings on my legs, I flye for remedie.

Zon. We are readie at your highnes commaund, & hope to returne to your full content.

Cyn. It ſhall neuer be ſaid that *Cynthia*, whoſe mercy and goodnes filleth the heauens with ioyes, & the world with meruailes, will ſuffer eyther *Endimion* or any to perriſh, if he may be protected.

Eum. Your Maieſties wordes haue beene alwaies deedes, and your deedes vertues.

Exeunt. Actus

Actus tertius. Scæna ſecunda.

Corſites, Tellus,

Corſ. Heere is the Caſtle (fayre Tellus) in which you muſt weaue, till eyther time end your dayes, or *Cinthia* her diſpleaſure. I am ſorrie ſo fayre a face ſhoulde bee ſubiect to ſo hard a fortune, and that the flower of beautie, which is honoured in Courts, ſhoulde heere wither in pryſon.

Tellus Corſites, Cynthia may reſtraine the libertie of my bodie, of my thoughts ſhe cannot, and therefore doe I eſteeme my ſelfe moſt free, though I am in greateſt bondage.

Corſ. Can you then feede on fancie, and ſubdue the mallice of enuie by the ſweetnes of imagination.

Tellus Corſites, there is no ſweeter muſicke to the miſerable then diſpayre, and therefore the more bitterneſſe I feele, the more ſweetnes I find, for ſo vaine were liberty, and ſo vnwelcome the following of higher fortune, that I chuſe rather to pine in this Caſtle, then to be a Prince in any other Court.

Corſ. A humor contrary to your yeeres, and nothing agreeable to your ſex: the one commonly allured with delights, the other alwaies with ſoueraigntie.

Tellus I meruaile *Corſites* that you being a Captain, who ſhould ſound nothing but terror, and ſuck nothing but blood, can finde in your hart to talke ſuch ſmooth wordes, for that it agreeth not with your calling to vſe words ſo ſoft, as that of loue.

Corſ. Ladie, it were vnfit of warres to diſcourſe with womē, into whoſe minds nothing can finck but ſmoothnes; beſides, you muſt not thinke that Souldiours bee ſo rough hewne, or of ſuch knottie mettle, that beautie cannot allure, and you beeing beyonde perfection enchaunt.

Tellus Good *Corſites* talke not of loue, but let mè to

my labor: the little beautie I haue, ſhall be beſtowed on my Loome, which I now meane to make my Louer.

Corſ. Let vs in, and what fauour *Corſites* can ſhewe, *Tellus* ſhall commaund.

Tellus The onely fauour I deſire, is now and then to walke. *Exeunt.*

Actus tertius. Scæna tertia.

Syr Tophas, and *Epi.*

Tophas Epi.

Epi. Heere ſir.

Tophas Vnrigge mee. Hey ho.

Epi. Whats that?

Tophas An interiection, whereof ſome are of mourning: as *eho, vah.*

Epi. I vnderſtand you not.

Tophas Thou ſeeſt me.

Epi. I.

Tophas Thou hearſt me.

Epi. I.

Tophas Thou feeleſt me.

Epi. I.

Tophas And not vnderſtand'ſt me?

Epi. No.

Tophas Then am I but three quarters of a Nowne ſubſtantiue. But alas Epi, to tell thee the troth I am a Nowne Adiectiue.

Epi. Why?

Tophas Becauſe I cannot ſtand without another.

Epi. Who is that?

Tophas Dipſas.

Epi. Are you in loue?

Top. No: but loue hath as it were milkt my thoughts, and drained from my hart the very ſubſtance of my accuſtomed courage; it worketh in my heade like newe Wine,

Wine, ſo as I muſt hoope my skonce with yron, leaſt my head breake, and ſo I bewray my braines: but I pray thee firſt diſcouer me in all parts, that I may be like a Louer, and then will I ſigh and die. Take my gunne, and giue me a gowne: *Cadant arma toga.*

Epi. Heere.

Tophas Take my ſworde and ſhielde, and giue mee beard, bruſh, and Cyſſers: *bella gerant alii tu pari ſemper ama.*

Epi. Will you be trimd ſir?

Tophas Not yet: for I feele a contention within me, whether I ſhall frame the bodkin beard or the buſh. But take my pike and giue mee pen: *dicere que puduit, ſcribere inſsit amor.*

Epi. I wyll furniſh you ſir.

Tophas Nowe for my bowe and bolts, giue me ynke and paper, for my Smiter a pen-knife: for *Scalpellum calami, atramentum, charta libelli, ſint ſemper ſtudiis arma parata meis.*

Epi. Sir will you giue ouer warres, & play with that bable called loue?

Tophas Giue ouer warres? no Epi, *Militat omnis amans, et habet ſua caſtea Cupido.*

Epi. Loue hath made you very eloquent, but your face is nothing fayre.

Tophas Non formoſus erat, ſed erat facundus Vliſſes.

Epi. Nay I muſt ſeeke a newe Maiſter if you can ſpeake nothing but verſes.

Tophas Quicquid conabar dicere verſus erat. Epi, I feele all *Ouid de arte amandi* lie as heauie at my heart as a loade of logges. O what a fine thin hayre hath *Dipſas*, what a prettie low forehead? VVhat a tale & ſtatelie noſe? What little hollowe eyes? What great and goodly lyppes? Howe harmeleſſe ſhee is beeing toothleſſe, her fingers fatte and ſhort, adorned with long

nayles like a Bytter. In howe ſweete a proportion her cheekes hang downe to her breſts like dugges, and her pappes to her waſte like bagges. VVhat a lowe ſtature ſhee is, and yet what a great foote ſhee carryeth? Howe thrifty muſt ſhe be in whom there is no waſte? Hovve vertuous is ſhee like to be, ouer whom no man can be ielous?

Epi. Stay Maiſter, you forget your ſelfe.

Tophas O *Epi.* euen as a diſh melteth by the fire, ſo doth my wit increaſe by loue.

Epi. Pithily, and to the purpoſe, but what? beginne you to nodde.

Tophas Good *Epi* let me take a nappe: for as ſome man may better ſteale a horſe, then another looke ouer the hedge: ſo diuers ſhall be ſleepie when they woulde faineſt take reſt.

He ſleeepes.

Epi. Who euer ſaw ſuch a woodcock, loue *Dipſas?* without doubt all the world will novve account him valiant, that venturеth on her, whom none durſt vndertake. But heere commeth two wagges,

Enter Dares and Samias.

Sam. Thy Maiſter hath ſlept his ſhare.

Dares I thinke he doth it becauſe he would not paie me my boord wages.

Samias It is a thing moſt ſtrange, and I thinke mine will neuer returne, ſo that wee muſt both ſeeke nevve Maiſters, for we ſhall neuer liue by our manners.

Epi. If you want Maiſters, ioyne with me and ſerue Sir *Tophas*, who muſt needes keepe more men, becauſe he is toward marriage.

Samias What *Epi*, wher's thy Maiſter?

Epi. Yonder ſleeping in loue.

Dares Is it poſſible?

Epi.

Epi. Hee hath taken his thoughts a hole lower, and ſayth, ſeeing it is the faſhion of the world, hee will vaile bonet to beautie.

Samias how is he attyred?

Epi. Louelie.

Dares Whom loueth this amorous knight?

Epi. *Dipſas.*

Samias That vglie creature? Why ſhee is a foole, a ſcold, fat, without faſhion, and quite without fauour.

Epi. Tuſh you be ſimple, my Ma. hath a good marriage.

Dares Good? as how?

Epi. Why in marrying *Dipſas*, hee ſhall haue euerie day twelue diſhes of meate to his dinner, though there be none but *Dipſas* with him. Foure of fleſh, four of fiſh, foure of fruite.

Sam. As how Epi?

Epi. For fleſh theſe, woodcock, gooſe, bitter, & rayle.

Da. Indeed he ſhal not miſſe, if *Dipſas* be there.

Epi. For fiſh theſe, crab, carpe, lumpe, and powting.

Sam. Excellent, for of my word, ſhe is both crabbiſh, lumpiſh, and carping.

Epi. For fruite theſe, fretters, medlers, hartichockes, and Lady longings. Thus you ſee hee ſhall fare like a King, though he be but a begger.

Dares Well Epi, dine thou with him, for I had rather faſt then ſee her face. But ſee thy Ma. is a ſleepe, let vs haue a ſong to wake this Amorous knight.

Epi. Agreed.

Sam. Content. Song.

Top. Sleepe is a bynding of the ſences, loue a looſing.

Epi. Let vs heare him awhile.

Tophas There appeared in my ſleepe a goodly Owle, who ſitting vpon my ſhoulder, cryed twyt, twyt, & before myne eyes preſented her ſelfe the expreſſe image

of *Dipſas*. I meruailed what the Owle ſaid,til at the laſt, I perceiued twyt twyt, to it, to it: onely by contraction admoniſhed by thys viſion, to make account of my ſweet *Venus*.

Sam. Sir Tophas,you haue ouer-ſlept your ſelfe.

Top. No youth, I haue but ſlept ouer my loue.

Dares Loue? Why it is impoſsible, that into ſo noble and vnconquered a courage, loue ſhould creepe,hauing firſt a head as hard to pearce as ſteele,then to paſſe to a hart arm'd with a ſhirt of male.

Epi. I but my Maiſter yawning one day in the Sun, loue crept into his mouth before he could cloſe it, and there kept ſuch a tumbling in his bodie,that he was glad to vntruſſe the poynts of his hart, and entertaine Loue as a ſtranger.

Tophas If there remaine any pittie in you, pleade for me to *Dipſas*.

Dares Pleade? Nay wee will preſſe her to it. Let vs goe with him to *Dipſas*, and there ſhall wee haue good ſport. But ſir *Tophas* when ſhall we goe? for I finde my tongue voluble, and my hart venturous, and all my ſelfe like my ſelfe.

Samias Come *Dares*, let vs not looſe him till we find our Maiſters, for as long as he liueth, we ſhall lack neither mirth nor meate.

Epi. We will trauice. Will you goe ſir?

Tophas I præſequar.

Exeunt.

Actus tertius. Scæna quarta.

Eumenides, Geron.

Eumenides Father, your ſad muſique beeing tuned on the ſame key that my harde fortune is, hath ſo melted my minde, that I wiſh to hang at your mouthes ende, tell my life end.

Geron

Geron Theſe tunes Gentleman haue I beene accuſtomed with theſe fiftie Winters, hauing no other houſe to ſhrowde my ſelfe, but the broade heauens, and ſo familiar with mee hath vſe made miſerie, that I eſteeme ſorrowe my cheefeſt ſolace. And welcommeſt is that gueſt to mee, that can rehearſe the ſaddeſt tale, or the bloodieſt tragedie.

Eumenides A ſtrange humour, might I enquire the cauſe?

Geron You muſt pardon me if I denie to tell it, for knowing that the reuealing of griefes, is as it were a renewing of ſorrow, I haue vowed therefore to conceale them, that I might not onely feele the depth of euerlaſting diſcontentment, but diſpaire of remedie? But whence are you? What fortune hath thruſt you to thys diſtreſſe?

Eumenides I am going to Theſſalie, to ſeeke remedie for *Endimion* my deereſt freende, who hath beene caſt into a dead ſleepe, almoſt theſe twentie yeeres, waxing olde, and readie for the graue, beeing almoſt but newlie come forth of the cradle.

Geron You neede not for recure trauell farre, for who ſo can cleerely ſee the bottome of thys Fountaine, ſhall haue remedie for any thing.

Eum. That mee thinketh is vnpoſsible, why vvhat vertue can there be in water?

Geron Yes, who ſoeuer can ſhedde the teares of a faythfull Louer, ſhall obtaine any thing he would, reade theſe words engrauen about the brimme.

Eum. Haue you knowne this by experience, or is it placed heere of purpoſe to delude men?

Geron I onely would haue experience of it, and then ſhoulde there bee an ende of my miſerie. And then woulde I tell the ſtrangeſt diſcourſe that euer yet was heard.

Eum Ah Eumenides.

Geron What lacke you Gentleman, are you not wel?

Eumenides Yes Father, but a qualme that often commeth ouer my hart doth nowe take hold of me, but did neuer any Louers come hether?

Geron Lusters, but not Louers; for often haue I seene them weepe, but neuer could I heare they saw the bottome.

Eum. Came there women also?

Geron Some.

Eum What did they see?

Geron They all wept that the Fountaine ouerflowed with teares, but so thicke became the water with theyr teares, that I could scarce discerne the brimme, much lesse beholde the bottome.

Eum Be faithfull Louers so skant?

Geron It seemeth so, for yet heard I neuer of any.

Eumenides Ah Eumenides, howe art thou perplexed? call to minde the beautie of thy sweet Mistris, and the depth of thy neuer dying affections, howe oft hast thou honoured her, not onelie without spotte, but suspition of falsehoode? And howe hardly hath shee rewarded thee, without cause or colour of despight?

Howe secrete hast thou beene these seauen yeeres, that hast not, nor once darest not, to name her for discontenting her? Howve faythfull? that hast offered to dye for her, to please her. Vnhappie Eumenides.

Geron Why Gentleman did you once loue?

Eumenides Once? I Father and euer shall.

Geron Was she vnkind, and you faithfull?

Eum. Shee of all women the most froward, and I of all creatures the most fond.

Geron You doted then, not loued: for affection is grounded

grounded on vertue,and vertue is neuer peeuiſh : or on Beautie,and Beautie loueth to be praiſed.

Eum. I but if all vertuous Ladies ſhould yeelde to all that be louing,or all amiable gentlewomen entertaine all that be amorous, theyr vertues would bee accounted vices, and their beauties deformities, for that loue can bee but betweene two, and that not proceeding of him that is moſt faithfull,but moſt fortunate.

Geron I would you were ſo faithfull, that your teares might make you fortunate.

Eu. Yea father, if that my teares cleare not this fountaine,then may you ſweare it is but a meere mockerie.

Geron So ſaith euery one yet, that wept.

Eum. Ah, I fainte, I dye. Ah ſweete *Semele* let me alone, and diſſolue by weeping into water.

Geron This affection ſeemeth ſtraunge, if hee ſee nothing without doubt this diſſembling paſſeth , for nothing ſhall drawe mee from the beleefe.

Eum. Father,I plainelie ſee the bottome,and there in white marble engrauen theſe wordes, *Aske one for all, and but one thing at all.*

Geron O fortunate *Eumenides,* (for ſo haue I hearde thee call thy ſelfe) let me ſee, I cannot diſcerne any ſuch thing. I thinke thou dreameſt.

Eum. Ah Father thou art not a faithfull louer , and therefore canſt not beholde it.

Geron Then aske that I may be ſatisfied by the euent, and thy ſelfe bleſſed.

Eum. Aske ? ſo I will:and what ſhall I doo but aske, and whome ſhould I aske but *Semele,* the poſſeſſing of whoſe perſon, is a pleaſure that cannot come within the compaſſe of compariſon , whoſe golden lockes ſeeme moſt curious , when they ſeeme moſt careleſſe , whoſe ſweete lookes ſeeme moſt alluring, when they are moſt chaſte : and whoſe wordes the more vertuous they are,

the more amorous they bee accounted. I pray thee fortune when I ſhall firſt meete with fayre *Semele*, daſh my delight with ſome light diſgrace, leaſt imbracing ſweetneſſe beyond meaſure, I take a ſurfit without recure: let her practiſe her accuſtomed coyneſſe, that I may dyet my ſeife vpon my deſires: otherwiſe the fulneſſe of my ioyes will diminiſh the ſweetneſſe, and I ſhall perriſh by them before I poſſeſſe them.

Why doe I trifle the time in words? The leaſt minute beeing ſpent in the getting of *Semele*, is more worth then the whole worlde: therefore let mee aske. What nowe *Eumenides?* Whether art thou drawn? Haſt thou forgotten both friendſhip and duetie? Care of *Endimion*, and the commaundement of *Cynthia?* Shall hee dye in a leaden ſleepe, becauſe thou ſleepeſt in a golden dreame? I, let him ſleepe euer, ſo I ſlumber but one minute with *Semele*. Loue knoweth neither friendſhippe nor kindred.

Shall I not hazard the loſſe of a friend, for the obtayning of her for whome I woulde often looſe my ſelfe? Fonde *Eumenides*, ſhall the intycing beautie of a moſt disdainfull Ladie, bee of more force then the rare fidelitie of a tryed friend? The loue of men to women is a thing common, and of courſe: the friendſhippe of man to man infinite, and immortall. Tuſh, *Semele* dooth poſſeſſe my loue. I but *Endimion* hath deſerued it. I will helpe *Endimion*. I founde *Endimion* vnſpotted in his trueth. I but I ſhall finde *Semele* conſtant in her loue, I will haue *Semele*. What ſhall I doe? Father thy gray haires are Embaſſadours of experience. Which ſhall I aske?

Geron *Eumenides*, releaſe *Endimion*, for all thinges (friendſhip excepted) are ſubiect to fortune: Loue is but an eye worme, which onely tickleth the heade with hopes, and wiſhes: friendſhippe the image of eternitie,

tie, in which there is nothing moueable, nothing mischeeuous. As much difference as there is betweene Beautie and Vertue, bodies and shadowes, colours and life: so great oddes is there betweene loue and friendshippe.

Loue is a *Camelion*, which draweth nothing into the mouth but ayre, and nourisheth nothing in the bodie but lunges: beleeue mee *Eumenides*, Desire dyes in the same moment that Beautie sickens, and Beautie fadeth in the same instant that it flourisheth. When aduersities flowe, then loue ebbes: but friendship standeth stifflie in stormes. Time draweth wrinckles in a fayre face, but addeth fresh colours to a fast friende, which neither heate, nor cold, nor miserie, nor place, nor destiny, can alter or diminish. O friendship of all things the most rare, and therefore most rare because most excellent, whose comforts in misery is alwaies sweet, and whose counsels in prosperitie are euer fortunate. Vaine loue, that onely comming neere to friendship in name, woulde seeme to be the same, or better, in nature.

Eum. Father I allowe your reasons, and will therefore conquer mine own. Vertue shall subdue affections, wisdome lust, friendship beautie. Mistresses are in euery place, and as common as Hares in *Atho*, Bees in *Hybla*, foules in the ayre: but friends to be founde, are like the Phœnix in *Arabia*, but one, or the Philadelphi in *Arays*, neuer aboue two. I will haue *Endimion*, sacred Fountaine, in whose bowels are hidden diuine secrets, I haue encreased your waters with the teares of vnspotted thoughts and therefore let mee receiue the reward you promise: *Endimion*, the trueste friende to mee, and faithfullest louer to *Cynthia*, is in such a dead sleepe, that nothing can wake or mooue him.

Geron Doost thou see any thing?

Eumenides I see in the same Piller, these wordes:

When ſhee whoſe figure of all is the perfecteſt, and neuer to bee meaſured: alwaies one, yet neuer the ſame: ſtill inconſtant, yet neuer wauering, ſhall come and kiſſe Endimion *in his ſleepe, hee ſhall then riſe, els neuer.* This is ſtraunge.

Geron What ſee you els?

Eum. There commeth ouer mine eyes either a darke miſt, or vppon the fountaine a deepe thickneſſe: for I can perceiue nothing. But howe am I deluded? or what difficult (nay impoſſible) thing is this?

Geron Me thinketh it eaſie.

Eum. Good father and howe?

Geron Is not a circle of all Figures the perfecteſt?

Eum. Yes.

Geron And is not *Cynthia* of all cyrcles the moſt abſolute?

Eum. Yes.

Geron Is it not impoſſible to meaſure her, who ſtill worketh by her influence, neuer ſtanding at one ſtay?

Eum. Yes.

Geron Is ſhee not alwaies *Cynthia*, yet ſeldome in the ſame bigneſſe, alwaies wauering in her waxing or wayning, that our bodies might the better bee gouerned, our ſeaſons the daylier giue their increaſe, yet neuer to bee remooued from her courſe, as long as the heauens continue theirs?

Eum. Yes.

Geron Then who can it bee but *Cynthia*, whoſe vertues beeing all diuine, muſt needes bring things to paſſe that bee myraculous. Goe, humble thy ſelfe to *Cynthia*, tell her the ſucceſſe, of which my ſelfe ſhall bee a witneſſe. And this aſſure thy ſelfe, that ſhee that ſent to finde meanes for his ſafetie, will now worke her cunning.

Eum. How fortunate am I, if *Cynthia* be ſhe that may doe

doo it.

Geron Howe fonde art thou, if thou doo not beleeue it?

Eum. I will haſten thither, that I may intreat on my knees for ſuccour, and imbrace in mine armes my friend.

Geron I will goe with thee, for vnto *Cynthia* muſt I diſcouer all my ſorrowes, who alſo muſt worke in mee a contentment.

Eum. May I nowe knowe the cauſe?

Geron That ſhall bee as wee walke, and I doubt not but the ſtraungneſſe of my tale will take away the tediouſneſſe of our iourney.

Eum. Let vs goe.

Geron I followe.

Exeunt.

Actus quartus. Scæna prima.

Tellus, Corſites.

Tellus I Maruell *Corſites* giueth me ſo much libertie: all the worlde knowing his charge to bee ſo high, and his nature to bee moſt ſtraunge, who hath ſo ill intreated Ladies of great honour, that he hath not ſuffered them to looke out of windowes, much leſſe to walke abroade: it may bee hee is in loue with mee, for (*Endimion*, hard harted *Endimion*, excepted) what is he that is not enamourd of my beautie? But what reſpecteſt thou the loue of all the world, *Endimion* hates thee. Alas poore *Endimion*, my malyce hath exceeded my loue: and thy faith to *Cynthia*, quenched my affections. Quenched *Tellus?* nay kindled them a freſh; in ſo much that I finde ſcorching flames, for dead embers, and cruell encounters of warre in my thoughtes, in ſteede of ſweete parlees. Ah that I might once againe ſee *Endimion*, ac-

curſed girle, what hope haſt thou to ſee *Endimion?* on whoſe head already are growne gray haires, and whoſe life muſt yeelde to Nature, before *Cynthia* ende her diſpleaſure. Wicked *Dipſas*, and moſt deuiliſh *Tellus*, the one for cunnning too exquiſit, the other for hate too intollerable. Thou waſt commanded to weaue the ſtories & Poetries, wherin were ſhewed both examples & puniſhments of tatling tongues, and thou haſt only imbrodered the ſweet face of *Endimion*, deuiſes of loue, melancholy imaginations, and what not, out of thy worke, that thou ſhouldſt ſtudie to picke out of thy mind. But here cometh *Corſites*, I muſt ſeeme yeelding and ſtoute, ful of mildneſſe, yet tempered with a Maieſtie: for if I be too flexible, I ſhall giue him more hope then I meane, if too froward, enioy leſſe liberty then I would, loue him I cannot, & therfore will practiſe that which is moſt contrarie to our ſex, to diſſemble.

Enter Corſites.

Cor. Faire *Tellus*, I perceiue you riſe with the Larke, and to your ſelfe ſing with the Nightingale.

Tellus My Lord I haue no play-fellow but fancy, being barred of all companie I muſt queſtion with my ſelfe, and make my thoughts my frindes.

Cor. I would you would account my thoughtes alſo your friends, for they be ſuch as are only buſied in wondering at your beautie, & wiſdome: & ſome ſuch as haue eſteemed your fortune too hard, and diuers of that kind that offer to ſet you free, if you will ſet them free

Tellus There are no colours ſo contrarie as white and blacke, nor Elements ſo diſagreeing as fire and water, nor any thing ſo oppoſite as mens thoughts & their words.

Cor. He that gaue *Caſſandra* the gift of prophecying with the curſe, that ſpake ſhee neuer ſo true, ſhee ſhould neuer be beleeued, hath I think poyſoned the fortune of men, that vttering the extremities of their inward paſſi-

ons,

ons,are alwayes ſuſpected of outward periuries.

Tellus Well *Corſites* I will flatter my ſelfe,and beleeue you. What would you doe to enioy my loue?

Cor. Sette all the Ladies of the Caſtle free, and make you the pleaſure of my life: more I cannot doe, leſſe I will not.

Tellus Theſe be great wordes,and fit your calling: for Captaines muſt promiſe things impoſſible. But wil you doe one thing for all.

Cor. Any thing ſweet *Tellus*,that am ready for all.

Tellus You knowe that on the Lunary bancke ſleepeth *Endimion*.

Corſites I knowe it.

Tel. If you will remoue him from that place by force, and conuey him into ſome obſcure caue by pollicie, I giue you here the faith of an vnſpotted virgine, that you onelie ſhall poſſeſſe me as a louer, and in ſpight of malice,haue mee for a wife.

Cor. Remooue him *Tellus*? Yes *Tellus*, hee ſhall bee remooued,and that ſo ſoone,as thou ſhalt as much commend my dilligence as my force. I goe.

Tellus Stay, will your ſelfe attempt it?

Corſites I *Tellus*: as I would haue none partaker of my ſweete loue,ſo ſhall none be partners of my labours: but I pray thee goe at your beſt leyſure, for *Cynthia* beginneth to riſe,and if ſhe diſcouer our loue we both periſh,for nothing pleaſeth her but the faireneſſe of virginitie. All thinges muſt bee not onely without luſt, but without ſuſpicion of lightnes.

Tellus I will depart,and goe you to *Endimion*.

Corſites I flye *Tellus*, beeing of all men the moſt fortunate.

Exit.

Tel. Simple *Corſites*,I haue ſet thee about a taske being but a man,ỳ the gods thẽſelues cannot performe:for little dooſt

dooſt thou knowe howe heauie his head lies, howe hard his fortune: but ſuch ſhiftes muſt women haue to deceiue men, and vnder colour of things eaſie, intreat that which is impoſible: otherwiſe we ſhould be cũbred with importunities, oathes, ſighes, letters, and all implements of loue, which to one reſolued to the contrary, are moſt lothſome. I will in and laugh with the other Ladies at *Corſites* ſweating.

Exit.

Actus quartus. Scæna ſecunda.

Samias, Dares and Epiton.

Sam. Will thy maſter neuer awake?

Dares No, I thinke hee ſleepes for a wager: but how ſhall wee ſpende the time? Sir *Tophas* is ſo farre in loue that he pineth in his bedde, and commeth not abroade?

Sam. But here commeth *Epi*, in a pelting chafe.

Epi. A poxe of all falſe Prouerbes, and were a Prouerbe a Page, I would haue him by the eares.

Sam. Why art thou angry?

Epi. Why? you knowe it is ſayd, the tyde tarieth no man.

Sam. True.

Epi. A monſtrous lye; for I was tide two houres, and tarried for one to vnloſe mee.

Dares Alas poore *Epi.*

Epi. Poore? No, no, you baſe conceited ſlaues, I am a moſt complyt Gentleman, although I bee in diſgrace with ſir *Tophas.*

Dares Art thou out with him.

Epi. I, becauſe I cannot gette him a lodging with *Endimion*, hee would faine take a nappe for fortie or fifty yeeres.

Dares A ſhort ſleepe, conſidering our long life.

Sam. Is he ſtill in loue?

Epi.

Epi. In loue? why he doth nothing but make Sonets.

Sam. Canſt thou remember any one of his Poëms?

Epi. I, this is one. The beggar Loue that knows not where to lodge: At laſt within my hart when I ſlept, he crept, I wakt, and ſo my fancies began to fodge.

Sam. That's a verie long verſe.

Epi. Why the other was ſhorte, the firſt is called from the thombe to the little finger, the ſecond from the little finger to the elbowe, and ſome hee hath made to reach to the crowne of his head, and downe again to the ſoule of his foote: it is ſette to the tune of the blacke Saunce, *ratio eſt*, becauſe Dipſas is a black Saint.

Dares Very wiſely, but pray thee *Epi* how art thou complet, and beeing from thy Maiſter what occupation wilt thou take?

Epi. No my harts, I am an abſolute Microcoſmus, a pettie worlde of my ſelfe, my library is my heade, for I haue no other bookes but my braines: my wardrope on my backe, for I haue no more apparrell then is on my body; my armorie at my fingers ends, for I vſe no other Artillarie then my nailes; my treaſure in my purſe. *Sic omnia mea mecum porto.*

Dares Good.

Epi. Now ſyrs, my Pallace is pau'd with graſſe, and tyled with ſtarres: for *celo tegitur qui non habet vrnam*, he that hath no houſe, muſt lie in the yard.

Samias A braue reſolution. But how wilt thou ſpend thy time?

Epi. Not in any Melancholie ſort, for mine exerciſe I will walke horſes.

Dares Too bad.

Epi. Why is it not ſaide: It is good walking when one hath his horſe in his hand?

Sam. Worſe, and worſe, but how wilt thou liue?

Epi. By angling; O tis a ſtately occupation to ſtande

foure houres in a colde Morning, and to haue his noſe bytten with froſt, before hys baite be mumbled with a Fiſh.

Dares A rare attempt, but wilt thou neuer trauell?

Epi. Yes in a Weſterne barge, when with a good winde and luſtie pugges, one may goe ten miles in two daies.

Samias Thou art excellent at thy choyſe, but what paſtime wilt thou vſe, none?

Epi. Yes the quickeſt of all.

Samias What dyce?

Epi. No, when I am in haſt, xxj. games at Cheſſe, to paſſe a fewe minutes.

Dares A life for a little Lord, and full of quickneſſe.

Epi. Tuſh let mee alone, but I muſt needes ſee if I can finde where *Endimion* lieth, and then goe to a certaine fountaine hard by, where they ſay faithfull Louers ſhall haue althings they will aske. If I can finde out any of theſe, *ego et Magiſter meus erimus in tuto*, I and my Maiſter ſhall be freendes. He is reſolued to weep ſome three or foure payle-fuls, to auoyde the rume of loue that wambleth in his ſtomacke.

Enter the Watch.

Samias Shall we neuer ſee thy Maiſter *Dares*?

Dares Yes, let vs goe nowe, for to morrowe *Cynthia* will be there.

Epi. I will goe with you. But hovve ſhall wee ſee for the Watch?

Samias Tuſh let me alone, Ile begin to them. Maiſters God ſpeede you.

1. Watch Sir boy, we are all ſped alreadie.

Epi. So me thinks, for they ſmell all of drinke, like a beggers beard.

Dares But I pray ſirs, may we ſee *Endimion*?

2. Watch. No, we are commanded in *Cynthias* name

that

that no man ſhall ſee him.

Sam. No man? Why we are but boyes.

1. Watch. Maſſe neighbours hee ſayes true, for if I ſweare I will neuer drinke my liquor by the quart, and yet call for two pints, I thinke with a ſafe conſcience I may carouſe both.

Dares Pithily, and to the purpoſe.

2. Watch. Tuſh tuſh neighbors, take me with you.

Samias This will grow hote.

Dares Let them alone.

2. Watch. If I ſaie to my wife, wife I will haue no Reyſons in my pudding, ſhe puts in Corance, ſmal Reyſons are Reyſons, and boyes are men. Euen as my wife ſhoulde haue put no Reyſons in my pudding, ſo ſhall there no boyes ſee *Endimion*.

Dares Learnedly.

Epi. Let Maiſter Conſtable ſpeake: I thinke hee is the wiſeſt among you.

Ma. Conſt. You know neighbors tis an an old ſaid ſaw, children and fooles ſpeake true.

All ſay. True.

Ma. Conſt. Well, there you ſee the men bee the fooles, becauſe it is prouided from the children.

Dares Good.

Ma. Conſt. Then ſay I neighbors, that children muſt not ſee *Endimion*, becauſe children & fooles ſpeak true.

Epi. O wicked application.

Samias Scuruily brought about.

1. Watch. Nay he ſais true, & therfore till *Cynthia* haue beene heere he ſhall not be vncouered. Therefore away.

Dar. A watch quoth you? a man may watch 7. yeres for a wiſe worde, & yet goe without it. Their wits are all as ruſtie as their bils. But come on Ma. Conſt. ſhall we haue a ſong before we goe? *Conſt.* With all my hart.

Song. *Exeunt.*

Actus quartus. Scæna tertia.

Corsites solus.

Corsites I am come in sight of the Lunary bank, without doubt *Tellus* doteth vpon me, and cunningly that I might not perceiue her loue, shee hath sette mee to a taske that is done before it is begunne. *Endimion*, you must change your pillowe, and if you be not wearie of sleepe, I vvill carrie you where at ease you shall sleepe your fill. It were good that without more ceremonies I tooke him, least beeing espyed, I be intrapt, and so incurre the displeasure of *Cynthia*, who commonly setteth watch that *Endimion* haue no wrong.

He lifts.

What nowe, is your Maistership so heauie? or are you nayld to the ground? Not styrre one whit? then vse all thy force though he feele it and wake. VVhat stone still? turnd I thinke to earth, with lying so long on the earth. Didst not thou *Corsites* before *Cynthia* pul vp a tree, that fortie yeeres was fastned with rootes and wrethed in knots to the grounde? Didst not thou with maine force pull open the yron Gates, which no Ram or Engine could moue? Haue my weak thoughts made braunfallen my strong armes? or is it the nature of loue or the Quintessence of the mind to breede numnesse, or lytherneste, or I knowe not what, languishing in my ioynts and sinewes, beeing but the base strings of my bodie? Or dooth the remembraunce of *Tellus* so refine my spirits into a matter so subtill and diuine, that the other fleshie parts cannot worke whilst they muse? Rest thy selfe, rest thy selfe: nay rent thy selfe in peeces *Corsites*, and striue in spight of loue, fortune and nature, to lift vppe this dulled bodie, heauier then deade, and more senceleste then death.

Enter

Enter Fayries

But what are theſe ſo fayre fiendes that cauſe my hayres to ſtand vpright, and ſpirits to fall downe? hags, out alas, Nymphes I craue pardon. Aye me, out what doe I heere.

The Fayries daunce, and with a ſong pinch him, and hee falleth a ſleepe, thy kiſſe *Endimion*, and depart.

Cynthia, Floſcula, Semele, Panelion, Zontes, Pythagoras, Gyptes, Corſites.

Cynthia You ſee *Pythagoras* what ridiculous opinions you hold, and I doubt not but you are nowe of another minde.

Pytha. Madam, I plainlie perceiue that the perfection of your brightneſſe, hath pearced through the thickneſſe that couered my minde; in ſo much that I am no leſſe gladde to be reformed, then aſhamed to remember my groſenes.

Gyptes They are thriſe fortunate that liue in your Pallace, where Trueth is not in colours but life, vertues not in imagination, but execution.

Cynthia I haue alwaies ſtudied to haue rather liuing vertues then painted Gods, the bodie of Trueth, then the tombe. But let vs walke to *Endimion*, it may bee it lyeth in your Artes to deliuer him, as for *Eumenides*, I feare he is dead.

Pytha. I haue alledged all the naturall reaſons I can for ſuch a long ſleepe.

Gyptes I can doe nothing till I ſee him.

Cynthia Coine *Floſcula*, I am ſure you are glad that you ſhall behold *Endimion*.

Floſ. I were bleſſed if I might haue him recouered.

Cynthia Are you in loue with his perſon.

Flos. No, but with his vertue.

Cynthia VVhat say you *Semele*?

Semele Madame, I dare say nothing for feare I offende.

Cynthia Belike you cannot speake except you bee spightfull. But as good be silent as saucie. *Panelion*, what punishment were fitte for *Semele*, in whose speech and thoughts, is onely contempt and sowrenesse?

Pane. I loue not Madam to giue any iudgement. Yet sith your highnesse commaundeth, I thinke, to commit her tongue close prisoner to her mouth.

Cynthia Agreed; *Semele*, if thou speake thys twelue-month, thou shalt forfet thy tongue. Behold *Endimion*, alas poore Gentleman, hast thou spent thy youth in sleepe, that once vowed all to my seruice. Hollow eyes? gray haires? wrinckled cheekes? and decayed limmes? Is it destinie, or deceite that hath brought this to passe? If the first, who could preuent thy wretched starres. If the latter, I would I might knowe thy cruell enemie. I fauoured thee *Endimion* for thy honor, thy vertues, thy affections: but to bring thy thoughts within the compasse of thy fortunes, I haue seemed strange, that I might haue thee staied, and nowe are thy dayes ended before my fauour beginne. But whom haue we heere, is it not *Corsites*?

Zon. It is, but more like a Leopard then a man.

Cyn. Awake him. Howe nowe *Corsites*, what make you heere? How came you deformed? Looke on thy hands, and then thou seest the picture of thy face.

Corsites Myserable wretch, and accursed. How am I deluded? Madame, I aske pardon for my offence, and you see my fortune deserueth pittie.

Cynthia Speake on, thy offence cannot deserue greater punishment: but see thou rehearse the trueth, else shalt thou not find me as thou wishest me.

Corsites

Corſites Madam, as it is no offence to be in loue beeing a man mortall, ſo I hope can it be no ſhame to tell with whom, my Ladie beeing heauenlie. Your Maieſtie committed to my charge fayre *Tellus*, whoſe beautie in the ſame moment tooke my hart captiue, that I vndertooke to carry her bodie priſoner. Since that time haue I found ſuch combats in my thoughts betweene loue and dutie, reuerence and affection, that I coulde neyther endure the conflict, nor hope for the conqueſt.

Cynthia In loue? A thing farre vnfitting the name of a Captaine, and (as I thought) the tough and vnſmoothed nature of *Corſites*. But forth.

Corſites Feeling this continuall warre, I thought rather by parlee to yeeld, then by certaine danger to periſh, I vnfolded to *Tellus* the depth of my affections, and framed my tongue to vtter a ſweet tale of loue, that was wont to ſound nothing but threats of warre. Shee too fayre to be true, and too falſe for one ſo fayre, after a nice deniall, practiſed a notable deceyt, commaunding me to remooue *Endimion* from this Caban, and carrie him to ſome darke Caue, which I ſeeking to accompliſh, founde impoſsible. And ſo by Fayries or fiendes haue beene thus handled.

Cynthia Hovve ſay you my Lordes, is not *Tellus* alwaies practiſing of ſome deceites? In ſooth *Corſites* thy face is novve too foule for a Louer, and thine hart too fonde for a Souldiour. You may ſee when VVarriors become wantons, howe theyr manners alter with theyr faces. Is it not a ſhame *Corſites*, that hauing liued ſo long in *Mars* his Campe, thou ſhouldeſt now bee rockt in *Venus* Cradle. Dooſt thou weare *Cupids* Quiuer at thy gyrdle, and make Launces of lookes? Well *Corſites* rouſe thy ſelfe, and be as thou haſt beene, and let *Tellus* who is made all of loue, melt herſelfe in her owne looſenes.

Corſites

Corsites Madam I doubt not but to recouer my former state, for *Tellus* beautie neuer wrought such loue in my minde, as now her deceite hath dispight, and yet to be reuenged of a woman, were a thing then loue it selfe more womanish.

Gyptes These spots Gentleman are to be worne out, if you rubbe them ouer with this Lunarie, so that in place where you receiued this maine, you shall finde a medicine.

Corsi. I thanke you for that. The Gods blesse mee frō loue & these prettie Ladies that haunt this greene.

Flos. Corsites, I would *Tellus* saw your amiable face.

Zontes How spightfully *Semele* laugheth, that dare not speake.

Cynthia Coulde you not stirre *Endimion* with that doubled strength of yours?

Cors. Not so much as his finger with all my force.

Cyn. Pythagoras and *Gyptes*, what thinke you of *Endimion*? what reason is to be giuen, what remedie?

Pyth. Madame it is impossible to yeelde reason for things that happen not in compasse of nature. It is most certaine, that some strange enchauntment hath bound all his sences.

Cynthia What say you *Gyptes*.

Gyptes VVith *Pythagoras*, that it is enchauntment, and that so strange that no Arte can vndoe it, fot that heauines argueth a mallice vnremooueable in the Enchauntresse, and that no power can ende it, till shee die that did it, or the heauens shew some meanes more then miraculous.

Flos. O *Endimion*, could spight it self deuise a mischiefe so monstrous as to make thee dead with life, and lyuing beeing altogether dead? Where others number their yeeres, their houres, their minutes, and steppe to age by staires, thou onely hast thy yeeres and times in a cluster,

being

being olde before thou remembreſt thou waſt younge.

Cynth. No more *Floſcula*, pittie dooth him no good, I would any thing els might, and I vowe by the vnſpotted honour of a Ladie he ſhould not miſſe it: but is this all *Giptes*, that is to be done?

Giptes All as yet. It may be that either the Enchauntreſſe ſhall dye, or els be diſcouered, if either happen I will then practiſe the vtmoſt of my arte. In the meane ſeaſon, about this Groue would I haue a watch, and the firſt liuing thing that toucheth *Endimion*, to be taken.

Cynth. *Corſites* what ſay you, will you vndertake this?

Corſites Good Madame pardon mee, I was ouertaken too late, I ſhould rather breake into the middeſt of a maine battaile, then againe fall into the handes of thoſe fayre babies.

Cynth. Well, I will prouide others. *Pithagoras* and *Giptes*, you ſhall yet remaine in my Courte, till I heare what may be done in this matter.

Pyth Wee attende.

Cynth. Let vs goe in.

Exeunt.

Actus quintus. Scæna prima.

Samias, Dares.

Samias *Vmenides* hath tolde ſuch ſtrange tales, as I may well wonder at them, but neuer beleeue them.

Dares The other old man, what a ſad ſpeech vſed he, that cauſed vs almoſt all to weepe. *Cynthia* is ſo deſirous to knowe the experiment of her owne vertue, and ſo willing to eaſe *Endimions* harde fortune, that ſhe no ſooner heard the diſcourſe, but ſhee made her ſelfe in a readines to trye the euent.

Sam. Wee willl alſo ſee the euent, but whiſt heere

commeth *Cynthia*, with all her traine : Let vs ſneake in amongſt them.

Enter Cynthia, Floſcula, Semele, Panelion, &c.

Cynth. *Eumenides*, it cannot ſinke into my heade, that I ſhould bee ſignified by that ſacred Fountaine, for many thinges are there in the worlde, to which thoſe words may bee applyed.

Eum. Good Madame vouchſafe but to trye, els ſhall I thinke my ſelfe moſt vnhappie, that I asked not my ſweete Miſtris.

Cynth. Will you not yet tell me her name ?

Eum. Pardon mee good Madame, for if *Endimion* awake hee ſhall: my ſelfe haue ſworne, neuer to reueale it.

Cynth. Well, let vs to *Endimion*. I will not be ſo ſtatelie (good *Endimion*) not to ſtoope to doe thee good: and if thy libertie conſiſt in a kiſſe from mee, thou ſhalt haue it. And although my mouth hath beene heere tofore as vntouched as my thoughts, yet now to recouer thy life, (though to reſtore thy youth it be impoſſible) I will do that to *Endimion*, which yet neuer mortall man coulde boſt of heretofore, nor ſhall euer hope for heereafter.

Shee kiſſeth him.

Eum. Madame hee beginneth to ſtirre.

Cynth. Soft *Eumenides*, ſtand ſtill.

Eum. Ah, I ſee his eyes almoſt open.

Cynth. I commaund thee once againe ſtirre not: I wil ſtand behinde him.

Pan What doe I ſee, *Endimion* almoſt awake ?

Eum. *Endimion, Endimion*, art thou deafe or dumbe ? or hath this long ſleepe taken away thy memorie ? Ah my ſweet *Endimion*, ſeeſt thou not *Eumenides* ? thy faithful friende, thy faythfull *Eumenides*, who for thy ſaftie hath beene careleſſe of his owne content. Speake *Endimion, Endimion, Endimion.*

End

End, *Endimion?* I call to minde ſuch a name.

Eum .Haſt thou forgotten thy ſelfe *Endimion?* then do I not maruell thou remembreſt not thy friend. I tell thee thou art *Endimion*, and I *Eumenides* : beholde alſo *Cynthia*, by whoſe fauour thou art awaked, and by whoſe vertue thou ſhalt continue thy naturall courſe.

Cynth. Endimion, ſpeake ſweete *Endimion*, knoweſt thou not *Cynthia* ?

End. O heauens, whom doe I beholde, faire *Cynthia*, diuine *Cynthia* ?

Cynth. I am *Cynthia*, and thou *Endimion*.

End. *Endimion*, What do I heere? What, a gray beard? hollow eyes ? withered bodie : decayed lymbes ? and all in one night ?

Eum. One night ? thou haſt heere ſlept fortie yeeres, by what Enchauntreſſe as yet it is not knowne : and behold the twig to which thou laiedſt thy head, is now become a tree, calleſt thou not *Eumenides* to remembrance?

End. Thy name I doo remember by the ſounde, but thy fauour I doe not yet call to minde, onely diuine *Cynthia*, to whom time, fortune, deſtinie, & death, are ſubiect, I ſee and remember, and in all humilitie, I regard and reuerence.

Cynth. You haue good cauſe to remember *Eumenides*, who hath for thy ſafetie forſaken his owne ſolace.

End. Am I that *Endimion*, who was wont in Court to leade my life, and in Iuſtes, turneys, and armes to exerciſe my youth ? am I that *Endimion* ?

Eum. Thou art that *Endimion* and I *Eumenides*, wilt thou not yet call me to remembrance?

End. Ah ſweete *Eumenides*, I now perceiue thou art hee, and that my ſelfe haue the name of *Endimion*, but that this ſhould bee my bodie I doubt : for howe coulde my curled lockes bee turned to gray haires, and my ſtronge bodie to a dying weakneſſe, hauing waxed olde,

and not kowing it.

Cynthia Well *Endimion* ariſe, a while ſit downe, for that thy limmes are ſtiffe, and not able to ſtay thee, and tell what haſt thou ſeene in thy ſleepe all this while? What dreames, viſions, thoughts, and fortunes? For it is impoſſible, but in ſo long time, thou ſhouldeſt ſee things ſtraunge.

End. Fayre *Cynthia* I will rehearſe what I haue ſeene, humblie deſiring, that when I exceede in length, you giue me warning, that I may ende: for to vtter all I haue to ſpeake would bee troubleſome, although happilie the ſtraungeneſſe may ſomewhat abate the tediouſneſſe.

Cynth. Well *Endimion* begin.

End. Me thought I ſawe a Ladie paſſing faire, but verie miſcheeuous, who in the one hande carryed a knife, with which ſhee offered to cut my throte: and in the other a looking-glaſſe, wherein ſeeing how ill anger became Ladies, ſhee refrained from intended violence. She was accompanied with other Damſels, one of which with a ſterne countenance, & as it were with a ſetled malice engrauen in her eyes, prouoked her to execute miſcheefe: an other with viſage ſad and conſtant onelie in ſorrow, with her armes croſſed, and watery eyes, ſeemed to lament my fortune, but durſt not offer to preuent the force. I ſtarted in my ſleepe, feeling my verie veines to ſwell, and my ſinewes to ſtretch with feare, and ſuch a colde ſweate bedewed all my bodie, that death it ſelfe could not be ſo terrible, as the viſion.

Cynth. A ſtraunge ſight. *Giptes* at our better leyſure ſhall expound it.

Eum. After long debating with her ſelfe, mercie ouercame anger, and there appeared in her heauenly face ſuch a diuine Maieſtie, mingled with a ſweete mildenes, that I was rauiſhed with the ſight aboue meaſure, and

wiſhed

wiſhed that I might haue enioied the ſight without end, and ſo ſhe departed with the other Ladyes, of which the one retained ſtill an vnmoueable cruelrie, the other a conſtant pittie.

Cynth. Poore *Endimion*, how waſt thou affrighted? What els?

End. After her immediatly appeared an aged man, with a beard as white as ſnow, carying in his hand a book with three leaues, & ſpeaking as I remēber theſe words: *Endimion*, receiue this booke with three leaues, in which are contained counſels, policies, and pictures, and with that he offered mee the booke, which I reiected: wherwith moued with a diſdainefull pittie, hee rent the firſt leafe in a thouſand ſhiuers, the ſecond time hee offered it, which I refuſed alſo: at which bending his browes, and pitching his eyes faſt to the ground, as though they were fixed to the earth, and not againe to be remoued: then ſodainlie caſting them vp to the heauens, he tore in a rage the ſecond leafe, and offered the booke only with one leafe. I know not whether feare to offende, or deſire to knowe ſome ſtrange thing, moued mee: I tooke the booke, and ſo the olde man vaniſhed.

Cynthia What diddeſt thou imagine was in the laſt leafe?

End. There I portraid to life, with a colde quaking in euery ioynt. I behelde many wolues barking at thee *Cynthia*, who hauing ground their teeth to bite, did with ſtriuing bleede themſelues to death. There might I ſee ingratitude with an hundred eyes, gazing for benefites, and with a thouſand teeth, gnawing on the bowelles wherein ſhee was bred. Trecherie ſtoode all cloathed in white, with a ſmyling countenance, but both her handes bathed in blood. Enuye with a pale and megar face, (whoſe bodie was ſo leane, that one might tell all her bones, and whoſe garment was ſo

totterd, that it was easie to number euery thred) stood shooting at starres, whose dartes fell downe againe on her owne face. There might I beholde Drones, or Beetles, I knowe not howe to terme them creeping vnder the winges of a princely Eagle, who being carried into her neast, sought there to sucke that veine, that woulde haue killed the Eagle. I mused that thinges so base, shoulde attempt a facte so barbarous, or durst imagine a thing so bloody. And manie other thinges Madame, the repeticion whereof, may at your better leysure seeme more pleasing: for. Bees surfette sometimes with honnie, and the Gods are glutted with harmony, and your highnesse may be dulled with delight.

Cynth. I am content to bee dieted, therefore lette vs in. *Eumenides*, see that *Endimion* bee well tended, least eyther eating immoderatlie, or sleeping againe too long, hee fall into a deadly surfette, or into his former sleepe.

See this also bee proclaimed, that whosoeuer will discouer this practise, shall haue of *Cynthia* infinite thankes, and no small rewardes. *Exit.*

Flosc. Ah *Endimion*, none so ioyfull as *Floscula*, of thy restoring.

Eum. Yes *Floscula*, let *Eumenides* be somewhat gladder, and doe not that wrong to the setled friendship of a man, as to compare it with the light affection of a woman. Ah my deere friend *Endimion* suffer mee to dye, with gazing at thee.

End. *Eumenides*, thy friendshippe is immortall, and not to be conceiued, and thy good will *Floscula*, better then I haue deserued. But let vs all wayte on *Cynthia*: I maruell *Semele* speaketh not a word.

Eum. Because if shee doe, shee loseth her tongue.

End. But how prospereth your loue?

Eum.

Eum. I neuer yet ſpake worde ſince your ſleepe.

End. I doubt not but your affection is olde, and your appetite colde.

Eum. No *Endimion*, thine hath made it ſtronger, and nowe are my ſparkes growne to flames, and my fancies almoſt to frenzies: but let vs followe, and within wee will debate all this matter at large.

Exeunt.

Actus quintus. Scæna ſecunda.

Sir Tophas, Epiton.

Tophas *Epi*, loue hath iuſtled my libertie from the wall, and taken the vpper hand of my reaſon.

Epi. Let me then trippe vp the heeles of your affection, and thruſt your goodwill into the gutter.

Tophas No *Epi*, Loue is a Lorde of miſrule, and keepeth Chriſtmas in my corps.

Epi. No doubt there is good cheere: what diſhes of delight doth his Lordſhippe feaſt you withal?

Tophas Firſt, with a great platter of plum-porrige of pleaſure, wherein is ſtued the mutton of miſtruſt.

Epi. Excellent loue lappe.

Tophas Then commeth a Pye of patience, a Henne of honnie, a Gooſe of gall, a Capon of care, and many other Viandes, ſome ſweete, and ſome ſowre, which proueth loue to bee as it was ſaide of, in olde yeeres. *Dulce venenum.*

Epi. A braue banquet.

Tophas But *Epi*. I praye theee feele on my chinne, ſome thinge prycketh mee. VVhat dooſt thou feele or ſee.

Epi. There are three or foure little haires.

Tophas I pray thee call it my beard, howe ſhall I bee troubled, when this younge ſpringe ſhall growe

to

to a great wood?

Epi. O ſir your chinne is but a quyller yet, you will be moſt maieſticall when it is full fledge. But I maruell that you loue *Dipſas* that olde Crone.

Tophas *Agnoſco veteris veſtigia flamma*, I loue the ſmoke of an olde fyre.

Epi. Why ſhee is ſo colde, that no fyre can thawe her thoughts.

Tophas It is an olde gooſe *Epi*, that will eate no oates, olde Kine will kicke, olde Rats gnawe cheeſe, and olde ſackes will haue much patching: I preferre an old Cony before a Rabbet ſucker, and an ancient henne before a younge chicken peeper.

Epi. *Argumentum ab antiquitate*, My maſter loueth anticke worke.

Tophas Giue mee a pippin that is withered like an olde wife.

Epi. Good ſir.

Tophas Then, *a contrario ſequitur argumentum*. Giue me a wife that lookes like an olde pippin.

Epi. Nothing hath made my maſter a foole, but flat Schollerſhip.

Tophas Knoweſt thou not that olde wine is beſt?

Epi. Yes.

Tophas And thou knoweſt that like will to like?

Epi. I.

Tophas And thou knoweſt that *Venus* loued the beſt Wine.

Epi. So.

Tophas Then I conclude, that *Venus* was an olde woman in an olde cuppe of wine. For, *eſt Venus in vinis, ignis in igne fuit*.

Epi. *O lepidum caput*, O mad cap maſter. You were worthy to winne *Dipſas*, were ſhee as olde againe, for in your loue, you haue worne the nappe of your witte

quite

quite off, and made it thredbare. But ſoft who comes heere?

Tophas My ſolicitors.

Sam. All haile ſir *Tophas*, how feele you your ſelfe?

Tophas Statelie in euery ioynt, which the common people terme ſtifnes. Doth *Dipſas* ſtoope? vvyll ſhee yeeld? will ſhe bende?

Dares O ſir as much as you would wiſh, for her chin almoſt toucheth her knees.

Epi. Maiſter, ſhe is bent I warrant you.

Tophas VVhat conditions doth ſhe aske?

Samias Shee hath vowed ſhee will neuer loue anie that hath not a tooth in his head leſſe then ſhe.

Tophas How manie hath ſhee?

Dares One.

Epi. That goeth harde Maiſter, for then you muſt haue none.

Tophas A ſmall requeſt, and agreeable to the grauitie of her yeeres. What ſhoulde a wiſe man doe with his mouth full of bones like a channel houſe. The Turtle true hath nere a tooth.

Samias Thy Maiſter is in a notable vaine, that will looſe his teeth to be like a Turtle.

Epi. Let him looſe his tongue to, I care not.

Dares Nay you muſt alſo haue no nayles, for ſhee long ſince hath caſt hers.

Tophas That I yeelde to, what a quiet life ſhal *Dipſas* and I leade, when wee can neither byte nor ſcratch? You may ſee youthes, how age prouides for peace.

Samias How ſhal we doe to make him leaue his loue, for we neuer ſpake to her?

Dares Let me alone. Shee is a notable Witch, and hath turnde her maide *Bagoa* to an Aſpen tree, for bewraying her ſecretes.

Top. I honor her for her cunning, for now when I am

wearie of walking on two legges, what a pleasure may she doe mee to turne me to some goodly Asse, and help mee to foure.

Dares Nay then I must tell you the troth, her husband *Geron* is come home, who this fifty yeeres hath had her to wife.

Tophas What doe I heare? Hath she an husbande? Goe to the Sexteene, and tell him desire is deade, and will him to digge his graue. O heauens, an husbande? What death is agreeable to my fortune?

Samias Be not desperate, and we will helpe you to find a young Ladie,

Tophas I loue no grissels they are so brittle, they will cracke like glasse, or so dainty, that if they bee touched, they are straight of the fashion of waxe: *Animus maioribus instat*. I desire olde Matrons. What a sight would it be to embrace one whose hayre were as orient as the pearle? whose teeth shal be so pure a watchet, that they shall staine the truest Turkis? whose nose shall throwe more beames from it then the fierie Carbuncle? whose eyes shall be enuirond about with rednesse, exceeding the deepest Corall? And whose lippes might compare with siluer for the paleness? Such a one if you can help me to, I will by peece-meale curtoll my affections towardes *Dipsas*, and vvalke my swelling thoughts till they be cold.

Epi. VVisely prouided. How say you my freendes, will you angle for my Maisters cause?

Samias Most willingly.

Dares If wee speede him not shortly, I will burne my cappe, we will serue him of the spades, and digge an old wife out of the graue, that shall be answerable to his grauitie.

Tophas Youthes adiew; hee that bringeth mee first newes, shall possesse mine inheritance.

Dares

Dares What, is thy Maiſter landed?

Epi. Know you not that my Maiſter is *Liber tenens?*

Samias What's that?

Epi. A Free-holder. But I will after him.

Samias And wee to heare what newes of *Endimion* for the concluſion.

Exeunt.

Actus quintus. Scæna tertia.

Panelion, Zontes.

Pane. Who would haue thought that *Tellus* beeing ſo fayre by nature, ſo honourable by byrth, ſo wiſe by education, woulde haue entred into a miſchiefe to the Gods ſo odious, to men ſo deteſtable, and to her freend ſo malicious.

Zontes If *Bagoa* had not bewraied it, howe then ſhoulde it haue come to light? But wee ſee that Golde and fayre words, are of force to corrupt the ſtrongeſt men; And therefore able to worke ſillie women like waxe.

Panelion. I maruell what *Cynthia* will determine in this cauſe.

Zontes I feare as in all cauſes, heare of it in iuſtice, and then iudge of it in mercy; for howe can it be that ſhee that is vnwilling to puniſh her deadlieſt foes with dyſgrace, will reuenge iniuries of her trayne vvith death.

Panelion That olde witch *Dipſas* in a rage, hauing vnderſtoode her practiſe to bee diſcouered, turned poore *Bagoa* to an Aſpen tree, but let vs make haſt and bring *Tellus* before *Cynthia*, for ſhe was comming out after vs.

Zontes Let vs goe.

Exeunt.

Endimion.

Cynthia, Semele, Floscula, Dipsas, Endimion, Eumenides.

Cynthia *Dipsas*, thy yeeres are not so manie as thy vices, yet more in number then commonly nature dooth affoorde, or iustice shoulde permit. Hast thou almost these fiftie yeeres practised that detested wickednes of witchcraft? Wast thou so simple, as for to know the nature of Simples, of all creatures to be most sinfull?

Thou hast threatned to turne my course awry, and alter by thy damnable Arte, the gouernment that I now possesse by the eternall Gods. But knowe thou *Dipsas*, and let all the Enchaunters knowe, that *Cynthia* beeing placed for light on earth, is also protected by the powers of heauen. Breath out thou mayst wordes, gather thou mayst hearbes, finde out thou maist stones agreeable to thine Arte, yet of no force to appall my heart, in which courage is so rooted, and constant perswasion of the mercie of the Gods so grounded, that all thy witch-craft I esteeme as weake, as the world dooth thy case wretched.

Thys noble Gentleman *Geron*, once thy husband, but nowe thy mortall hate, didst thou procure to lyue in a Deserte, almost desperate. *Endimion* the flovvre of my Courte, and the hope of succeeding time, hast thou bewitched by Arte, before thou wouldest suffer him to florish by nature.

Dipsas Madam, thinges past may be repented, not recalled: there is nothing so wicked that I haue not doone, nor any thing so wished for as death. Yet among al the things that I committed, there is nothing so much tormenteth my rented and ransackt thoughts, as that in the prime of my husbands youth, I diuorced him by my deuillish Arte, for which, if to die might be amendes, I would not liue till to morrowe. If to liue and still be

more

more miſerable would better content him, I would wiſh of all creatures to be oldeſt and vglieſt.

Geron *Dipſas*, Thou haſt made this difference betweene me and *Endimion*, that being both young, thou haſt cauſed mee to wake in melancholie, looſing the ioyes of my youth, and hym to ſleepe, not remembring youth.

Cynthia Stay, heere commeth *Tellus*, we ſhall nowe knowe all.

Enter Corſites, Tellus, Panelion. &c.

Corſites I woulde to *Cynthia* thou couldeſt make as good an excuſe in truth, as to me thou haſt done by wit.

Tellus Truth ſhall be mine anſwere, and therefore I will not ſtudie for an excuſe.

Cynthia Is it poſsible *Tellus*, that ſo few yeres ſhould harbor ſo many miſchiefes? Thy ſwelling pride haue I borne, becauſe it is a thing that beautie maketh blameleſſe, which the more it exceedeth fairenes in meaſure, the more it ſtretcheth it ſelfe in diſdaine. Thy deuiſes againſt *Corſites* I ſmyle at, for that wits the ſharper they are, the ſhrewder they are. But this vnacquainted and moſt vnnaturall practiſe with a vile Enchauntreſſe, againſt ſo noble a Gentleman as *Endimion*, I abhorre, as a thing moſt malicious, and will reuenge, as a deede moſt monſtrous.

And as for you *Dipſas*, I will ſend you into the Deſerte amongſt wilde beaſtes, and try whether you can caſt Lyons, Tygars, Bores, and Beares, into as deade a ſleepe as you did *Endimion*, or turne them to trees, as you haue doone *Bagoa*. But tell me *Tellus*, what was the cauſe of this cruel part, farre vnfitting thy ſexe, in which nothing ſhould be but ſimplenes: and much diſagreeing from thy face, in which nothing ſeemed to bee but ſoftnes.

Tellus Diuine *Cynthia*, by whom I receiue my life, and

am content to ende it. I can neyther excuſe my faulte without lying, nor confeſſe it without ſhame; Yet were it poſsible that in ſo heauenlie thoughts as yours, there coulde fall ſuch earthly motions as mine, I would then hope, if not to bee pardoned without extreame puniſhment, yet to be heard without great maruell.

Cynthia Say on *Tellus*, I cannot imagine anie thing that can colour ſuch a crueltie.

Tellus *Endimion*, that *Endimion* in the prime of his youth, ſo rauiſht my hart with loue, that to obtaine my deſires, I coulde not finde meanes, nor to reſite them reaſon.

What was ſhee that fauoured not *Endimion*, being young, wiſe, honorable, and vertuous; beſides, vvhat mettall was ſhee made of (be ſhee mortall) that is not affected with the ſpice, nay infected with the poyſon of that (not to be expreſſed, yet alwaies to be felt) Loue? which breaketh the braines, and neuer brooſeth the browe: conſumeth the hart, and neuer toucheth the skinne: and maketh a deepe skarre to be ſeene, before any wounde at all be felt. My hart too tender to vvithſtande ſuch a diuine furie, yeelded to Loue. Madame I not without bluſhing confeſſe, yeelded to Loue.

Cynthia A ſtrange effect of loue, to worke ſuch an extreame hate. How ſay you *Endimion*, all this was for loue?

End. I ſay Madam then the Gods ſende mee a womans hate.

Cynthia That were as bad, for then by contrarie you ſhoulde neuer ſleepe. But on *Tellus*, let vs heare the ende.

Tellus Feeling a continuall burning in all my bowels, and a burſting almoſt in euerie vaine, I could not ſmoother the inwarde fyre, but it muſt needes bee perceiued

ceiued by the outwarde ſmoke, and by the flying abroade of diuers ſparkes, diuers iudged of my ſcalding flames.

Endimion as full of arte as witte, marking mine eyes, (in which hee might ſee almoſt his owne,) my ſighes, by which he might euer heare his name ſounded, aymed at my hart, in which he was aſſured his perſon was imprinted, and by queſtions wrunge out that, which was readie to burſt out. VVhen he ſawe the depth of my affections, he ſware, that mine in reſpect of his, were as fumes to Aetna, vallies to Alpes, Ants to Eagles, and nothing could be compared to my beautie but his loue, and eternitie. Thus drawing a ſmooth ſhoe vppon a crooked foote, hee made me beleeue, that (which all of our ſexe willinglie acknowledge) I was beautifull. And to wonder, (which indeede is a thing miraculous) that any of his ſexe ſhould be faithfull.

Cynthia *Endimion*, how will you cleere your ſelfe?

End. Madam, by mine owne accuſer.

Cynthia Well *Tellus* proceede, but breefelie, leaſt taking delight in vttering thy loue, thou offende vs with the length of it.

Tellus I will Madame quickly make an ende of my loue & my tale. Finding continuall increaſe of my tormenting thoughts, and that the enioying of my loue, made deeper woundes then the entering into it. I could finde no meanes to eaſe my griefe, but to followe *Endimion*, and continually to haue him in the obiect of mine eyes, who had me ſlaue and ſubiect to his loue.

But in the moment that I feared his falſehoode, and fryed my ſelfe moſt in myne affections, I founde, (ah griefe, euen then I loſt my ſelfe.) I founde him in moſt melancholie and deſperate termes, curſing hys ſtarres, his ſtate, the earth, the heauens, the world, and all for the loue of

Cynthia

Cynthia Of whom? *Tellus* ſpeake boldly.

Tellus Madame, I dare not vtter for feare to offende.

Cynthia Speake I ſay; who dare take offence, if thou be commaunded by *Cynthia*?

Tellus For the loue of *Cynthia*.

Cynthia For my loue *Tellus*, that were ſtrange. *Endimion* is it true?

End. In all things Madame. *Tellus* doth not ſpeak falſe.

Cynthia What will this breede to in the ende? Well *Endimion*, wee ſhall heare all.

Tellus I ſeeing my hopes turnde to miſhaps, and a ſetled diſsembling towards me, and an vnmooueable deſire to *Cynthia*, forgetting both my ſelfe and my ſexe, fell vnto this vnnaturall hate; for knowing your vertues *Cynthia* to be immortall, I coulde not haue an imagination to withdraw him. And finding mine owne affections vnquenchable, I coulde not carrie the minde that any els ſhould poſſeſſe what I had purſued. For though in maieſtie, beautie, vertue, and dignitie, I alwaies humbled and yeelded my ſelfe to *Cynthia*, yet in affections, I eſteemed my ſelfe equall with the Goddeſſes, & all other creatures according to theyr ſtates with my ſelfe. For ſtars to theyr bignes haue theyr lights, and the ſunne hath no more. And little pytchers when they can holde no more, are as full as great veſſels that runne ouer. Thus Madam in all trueth, haue I vttered the vnhappineſſe of my loue, and the cauſe of my hate, yeelding wholy to that diuine iudgement which neuer erred for want of wiſedom, or enuied for too much partiality.

Cynthia How ſay you my Lords to this matter? But what ſay you *Endimion*, hath *Tellus* tolde troth?

End. Madame in all things, but in that ſhee ſaide I loued her, and ſwore to honour her.

Cynthia

Cynthia Was there ſuch a time when as for my loue thou didſt vowe thy ſelfe to death, and in reſpect of it loth'd thy life? ſpeake *Endimion*, I will not reuenge it with hate.

End. The time was Madam and is, and euer ſhall be that I honoured your highneſſe aboue all the world, but to ſtretch it ſo far as to call it loue, I neuer durſt. There hath none pleaſed mine eye but *Cynthia*, none delighted mine eares but *Cynthia*, none poſſeſſed my hart but *Cynthia*. I haue forſaken all other fortunes to followe *Cynthia*, and heere I ſtande ready to die if it pleaſe *Cynthia*. Such a difference hath the Gods ſette between our ſtates, that all muſt be dutie, loyaltie, and reuerence, nothing (without it vouchſafe your highnes) be termed loue. My vnſpotted thoughts, my languiſhing bodie, my diſcontented life, let them obtaine by princelie fauour that, which to challenge they muſt not preſume, onelie wiſhing of impoſsibilities: with imagination of which, I will ſpende my ſpirits, and to my ſelfe that no creature may heare, ſoftlie call it loue. And if any vrge to vtter what I whiſper, then will I name it honor. From this ſweet contẽplation if I be not drinen, I ſhall liue of al men the moſt content, taking more pleaſure in mine aged thoughts, then euer I did in my youthful actions.

Cyn. Endimion, this honorable reſpect of thine, ſhalbe chriſtned loue in thee, & my reward for it fauor. Perſeuer *Endimion* in louing me, & I account more ſtrength in a true hart, then in a walled Cittie. I haue laboured to win all, and ſtudie to keepe ſuch as I haue wonne, but thoſe that neither my fauour can mooue to continue conſtant, nor my offered benefits gette to bee faithfull, the Gods ſhal eyther reduce to trueth, or reuenge their trecheries with iuſtice. *Endimion* continue as thou haſt begun, and thou ſhalt finde that *Cynthia* ſhyneth not on thee in vaine.

End. Your Highneſſe hath bleſſed mee, and your wordes haue againe reſtored my youth: mee thinkes I feele my ioyntes ſtronge, and theſe mouldy haires to molt, & all by your vertue *Cynthia*, into whoſe hands the Ballance that weigheth time & fortune, are committed.

Cynth. What younge againe? then it is pittie to puniſh *Tellus*.

Tellus Ah *Endimion*, now I know thee and aske pardon of thee: ſuffer mee ſtill to wiſh thee well.

End. Tellus, Cynthia muſt commaund what ſhe will.

Floſc. Endimion, I reioyce to ſee thee in thy former eſtate.

End. Good *Floſcula*, to thee alſo am I in my former affections.

Eum. Endimion, the comfort of my life, howe am I rauiſhed with a ioy matchleſſe, ſauing onelie the enioying of my miſtriſſe.

Cynth. Endimion, you muſt nowe tell who *Eumenides* ſhrineth for his Saint.

End. Semele Madame.

Cynth. Semele Eumenides? is it *Semele?* the very waſpe of all women, whoſe tongue ſtingeth as much as an Adders tooth?

Eum. It is *Semele, Cynthia:* the poſſeſſing of whoſe loue, muſt onelie prolong my life.

Cynth. Nay ſith *Endimion* is reſtored, wee will haue all parties pleaſed. *Semele*, are you content after ſo long triall of his faith, ſuch rare ſecreſie, ſuch vnſpotted loue, to take *Eumenides?* Why ſpeake you not? Not a word?

End. Silence Madame conſents: that is moſt true.

Cynth. It is true *Endimion. Eumenides*, take *Semele*. Take her I ſay.

Eum. Humble thanks Madame, now onely doe I begin to liue.

Semele A harde choyce Madame, either to be married

if

if I ſay nothing,or to loſe my tongue if I ſpeake a word. Yet doe I rather chooſe to haue my tongue cut out,then my heart diſtempered : I will not haue him.

Cynth. Speakes the Parrat ? ſhee ſhall nod heereafter with ſignes : cut off her tongue,nay her heade , that hauing a ſeruant of honourable birth,honeſt manners, [illegible] true loue, will not be perſwaded.

Semele H[illegible]s no faithfull [illegible]or then would he haue asked his Miſtris,

Geron Had he not beene faithfull, he had neuer ſeene into the fountaine,and ſo loſt his friend and Miſtriſſe.

Eum. Thine own thoughts ſweet *Semele*,witneſſe againſt thy wordes ,for what haſt thou founde in my life but loue ? and as yet, what haue I founde in my loue but bitterneſſe ? Madame pardon *Semele*, and let my tongue ranſome hers.

Cyn. Thy tongue *Eumenides?* what ſhouldſt thou liue wanting a tongue to blaze the beautie of *Semele*. Well *Semele*, I will not commaund loue, for it cannot bee enforced : let me entreat it.

Semele I am content your Highneſſe ſhall command, for now only do I thinke *Eumenides* faithfull,that is willing to loſe his tongue for my ſake : yet loth, becauſe it ſhould doe me better ſeruice. Madame, I accept of *Eumenides*. *Cynth.* I thanke you *Semele*.

Eu. Ah happie *Eumenides*, that haſt a friend ſo faithfull, and a miſtris ſo faire : with what ſodaine miſchiefe will the Gods daunt this exceſſe of ioye ? Sweet *Semele*, I liue or dye as thou wilt.

Cynth. What ſhall become of *Tellus*? *Tellus* you know *Endimion* is vowed to a ſeruice,from which death cannot remooue him. *Corſites* caſteth ſtill a louely lookes towards you,how ſay you will haue your *Corſites*,and ſo receiue pardon for all that is paſt ?

Tellus Madame moſt willingly.

Cynthia But I cannot tel whether *Corsites*, be agreed.

Corsites I Madame more happie to enioy *Tellus* then the Monarchie of the world.

Eum. Why she caused you to be pincht with Fairies.

Cor. I but her faireneſſe hath pinched my hart more deepelie.

Cynthia Well enioy thy loue. But what haue you wrought in the Caſtle *Tellus*?

Tellus Onely the picture of *Endimion*.

Cynthia Then ſo much of *Endimion* as his picture commeth to, poſſeſſe and play withall.

Corsites Ah my ſweete *Tellus*, my loue ſhal be as thy beautie is, matchleſſe.

Cynthia Now it reſteth *Dipſas*, that if thou wilt forſweare that vile Arte of Enchaunting, *Geron* hath promiſed againe to receiue thee, otherwiſe if thou be wedded to that wickednes, I muſt and will ſee it puniſhed to the vttermoſt.

Dipſas Madam, I renounce both ſubſtance and ſhadow of that moſt horrible and hatefull trade, vowing to the Gods continuall penaunce, and to your highnes obedience.

Cynthia Howe ſay you *Geron*, will you admit her to your Wife?

Geron I with more ioy then I did the firſt day: for nothing could happen to make me happy, but onely her forſaking that leude and deteſtable courſe. *Dipſas* I imbrace thee.

Dipſas And I thee *Geron*, to whom I will heereafter recite the cauſe of theſe my firſt follies.

Cynthia Well *Endimion*, nothing reſteth nowe but that we depart. Thou haſt my fauour, *Tellus* her friend, *Eumenides* in Paradice with his *Semele*, *Geron* contented with *Dipſas*.

Sir Tophas Nay ſoft, I cannot handſomly goe to bed with-

without *Bagoa.*

Cynthia. Well *Syr Tophas*, it may bee there are more vertues in mee then my ſelfe knoweth of, for *Endimion* I awaked, and at my words he waxed young, I will trie whether I can turne this tree againe to thy true loue.

Tophas Turne her to a true loue or falſe, ſo ſhee be a wench I care not.

Cynthia *Bagoa*, *Cynthia* putteth an end to thy harde fortunes, for being turnd to a tree for reuealing a truth, I will recouer thee againe, if in my power be the effect of truth.

Tophas *Bagoa?* a bots vpon thee.

Cynthia Come my Lordes let vs in, you *Gyptes* and *Pythagoras*, if you cannot content your ſelues in our Court, to fall from vaine follies of Phyloſophers, to ſuch vertues as are here practiſed, you ſhall be entertained according to your deſerts, for *Cynthia* is no ſtepmother to ſtrangers.

Pytha. I had rather in *Cynthias* Court ſpende tenne yeeres, then in Greece one houre.

Gyptes And I chuſe rather to liue by the ſight of *Cynthia*, then by the poſſeſsing of all Egipt.

Cynthia Then follow.

Eumenides We all attend.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

The Epilogue.

A Man walking abroade, the wind and Sunne ſtroue for ſoueraignty, the one with his blaſt, the other with his beames. The wind blew hard, the man wrapped his garmẽt about him harder: it bluſtred more ſtrongly, he then girt it faſt to him: I cannot preuaile ſayd the wind. The Sunne caſting her Chriſtall beames, began to warme the man: he vnloſed his gowne. yet it shined brighter: he then put it off. I yeelde ſayd the winde, for if thou continue shining, he will alſo put off his cote.

Dread Soueraigne, the malicious that ſeeke to ouerthrowe vs with threats, do but ſtiffen our thoughts, and make them ſturdier in ſtormes: but if your Highnes vouch ſafe with your fauorable beames to glaunce vpon vs, we shall not onlie ſtoope, but with all humilitie, lay both our handes and hearts, at your Maieſties feete.